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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 4 & 11, 1979 V. 181 nos. 5+6 Price One Dollar

Andrew Sarris on John Wayne • Christopher Lasch on B. F. Skinner

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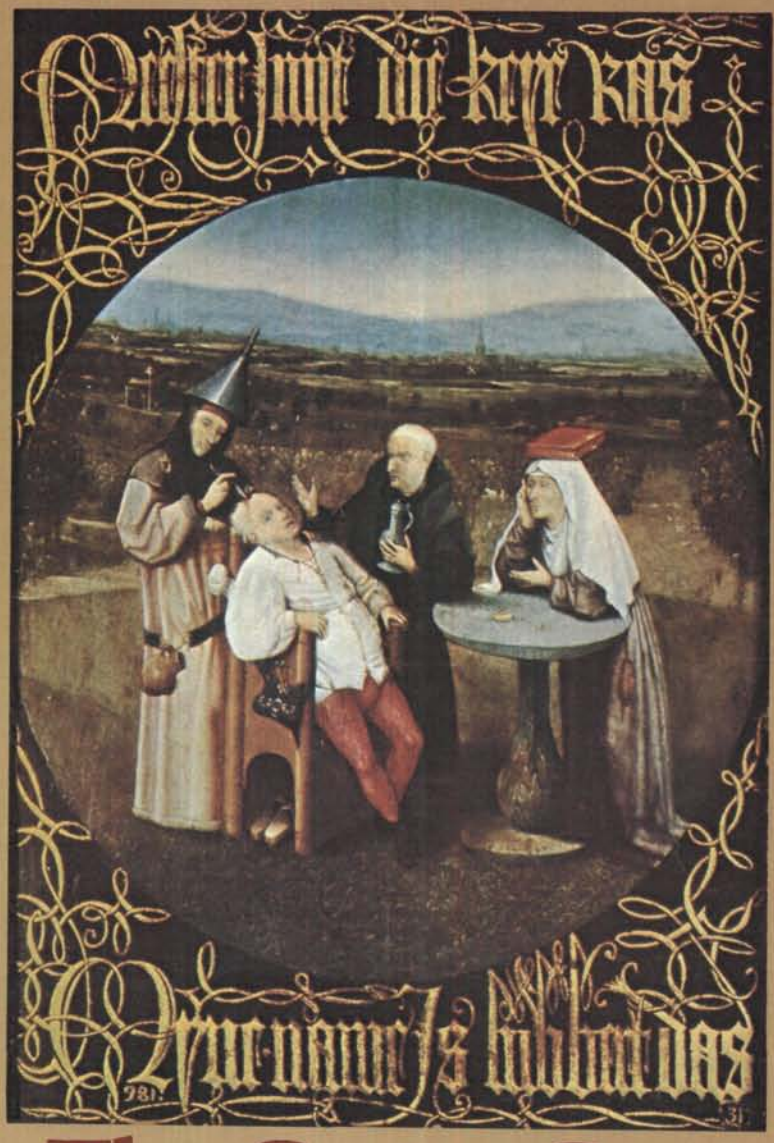

The Carter Cure

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TRB

from Washington
August 4 & 11, 1979

ackson's Bomb

ohn C. Stennis of DeKalb, Mississippi, who has the third longest consecutive ervice in the Senate and whose 78th irthday comes Friday, rapped his ellow pencil against the glass ash tray vith a tinkly sound and courteously sked the chairman of the Chiefs of taff, suh, to tell the Armed Services Committee what he and the others hought about SALT II. This was at 0:30 in the larger-than-life caucus oom. At 11:50 I decided that perhaps ALT II would pass the Senate after all. his was because the big, much-eralded attack by hawkish Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat of Vashington, on the credibility of the oint Chiefs had been, I judged, a flop. he air had come out of it. History had een made, perhaps, in this brief time.

Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, himself a ormer member of the Joint Chiefs, had ipped us off to it. He told a group of eporters that claims of White House onsultation with Joint Chiefs on SALT ere "poppycock"; that there was "a hocking difference" between what the ilitary leaders were saying publicly and rivately; and that this could be shown y confidential memos of the chiefs if ney were revealed. Senator Jackson, he aid, would demand their publication. rying to get from the White House rivileged documents that showed a iscrepancy over SALT looked easonably sensational, even at the time f the Carter Cabinet purge. On the iorning of the Stennis committee earing last week, some of us had an pportunity to ask Jackson in person if e were really going to demand the ecret memos. Yes, he said emphatically. nd if they were declared "privileged"? "I'm going to raise hell!" cried the one-time presidential candidate over his bacon and eggs.

So the scene shifts back to the caucus room, where the dramatic hearings are now in their third week. Many people have almost forgotten them. For a while, anyway, the possibility of a treaty between Russia and the United States was eclipsed as drama by Carter and his cabinet reshuffle. I found the caucus room half filled; there were vacant seats at press tables; the mood was far more relaxed.

And yet the feeling of eerie unreality returned immediately. I suppose a layman can sense the full paradox of our extraordinary nuclear era nowhere more forcefully than in hearing men, grown men, quietly discussing the number of tens of millions of people they can kill if war comes. In a world of lunatic logic they discuss launching their apocalyptic missiles. Defense Secretary Brown (a superb witness, incidentally) had explained earlier that, yes, if the Russians launched a first strike, "we could completely pulverize the Soviet Union." Secretary Vance used a different word earlier. He said we could "incinderize" them. There is a theological touch in the disputes. Will the world end by flood or fire? Phrases are almost medieval in this projection of global suicide: "Mutual Assured Destruction" for example: acronymn—MAD.

The Senate has the cozy habit of welcoming out-of-town school choirs to perform in the resonant rotunda of its ornate office building, and twice they have sung while SALT hearings were under way. As the committee doors open and shut bursts of heavenly music swell in and fade. There is the music festival from the state college of St. Marys, Maryland, and one from the Calvary Baptist Church of Nashville. Witnesses tell casually of the 14,000 nuclear warheads now extant, each a big brother to Hiroshima. As they count the potential megadeaths if the superpowers unfortunately slip into war, the angelic choir seems to be welcoming the victims above.

While Scoop Jackson waited with his counterattack, General David Jones of the Army, Admiral Thomas Hayward of the Navy, and General Robert Barrow of the Marine Corps endorsed the treaty. Their support is, of course, essential. They made persuasive witnesses, I thought, because they did not overdo it. They called the treaty a modest step forward: "I have concluded that, on balance, the positive aspects outweigh the negative ones," Admiral Hayward said. "None of us is totally at ease with the provisions of the agreement, but we view it as a modest but useful step in a long-range process," said General Jones. General Barrow concurred. It was effective, in a sense, because it was so moderate. And each man then angrily turned to the extraordinary arms expenditures the Russians currently are making—on strategic arms they are outspending the US by a factor of nearly three to one.

I wish more of my liberal friends could understand what is happening. It is easy to pooh-pooh military alarms—"Soldiers are paid to be that way, aren't they? They always want more money." The arms budget is now a staggering $125 billion. Carter originally said he would cut spending, but now proposes to add $13 billion next year. Economist Lloyd J. Dumas of Columbia, writing in the quarterly *Challenge*, argues that current US inflation is due in part to the diversion of "30 to 50 percent" of the critical technological talent of the country to the development of military-related technology. That's why the US has the lowest rate of productivity growth of any major non-Communist economy, he argues.

Maybe yes; maybe no. But what can America do if Russia pushes defense expenditures till they are twice America's as a fraction of gross national product? A wise Senate liberal, Jacob Javits of New York, recently deplored Moscow's headlong armaments tempo. For 15 years, he declared, America "goofed off." No reasonable observer can doubt, I think, that Moscow will surpass us soon if we don't take steps. All the more reason for SALT.

When the Joint Chiefs finished, Senator Jackson exploded his bomb. Hadn't they received a memo from the White House ordering them to coordinate testimony? General Jones said mildly that he thought so, but it wasn't meant as coercion. Admiral Hayward said that "at no time have I received even the slightest pressure from the Commander in Chief." All agreed. Rather lamely Jackson demanded copies of all directions from the White House. The Joint Chiefs said, in effect, tut-tut. The big scene demanded histrionics, ranting and breast-beating. Joe McCarthy could have put it over, maybe. Genial Jackson is no McCarthy. He looked like an angry commuter who has missed his bus. The press exchanged glances. Maybe SALT would pass after all.

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Serving America's Union Families

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 4 & 11, 1979

Ennui the People

Two weeks into the official crisis of spirit, President Carter's search for "bold" actions that will excite all of us without offending any of us grows more desperate by the hour. What next? Will he have the White House torn down and rebuilt facing in the opposite direction? Will he order all his Cabinet members to wear funny hats? Will he stage ritual bonfires across the country? Since the beginning of July, Carter and his advisers have been putting on a circus. It is a farcical and insulting attempt to distract us all from the fact that our standard of living has begun to decline, and they don't have a clue what to do about it.

President Carter would like us to believe the opposite: that the problem is spiritual, not material; that it is disenchantment with modern affluence, not a fear of losing it. "We've discovered that owning things and consuming things does not satisfy our longing for meaning," he alleges. "We have learned that piling up material goods cannot fill the emptiness of lives which have no confidence or purpose." Carter probably believes this himself. It is the kind of "crisis" that Pat Caddell divines from his opinion polls. And it lends itself to "solutions" like the assemblage of worthies on mountaintops, helicopter visits to Caddell-anointed typical Americans, flurries of hiring and firing and report cards on grown-ups, and of course soul-stirring speeches. Best of all, this crisis is no one's fault. In fact, we are all quite wonderful despite our malaise. "These 10 days confirmed my belief in the decency and the strength and the wisdom of the American people," Carter said in one of half a dozen servile flatteries scattered throughout his supposedly tough July 15 speech.

"The symptoms of this crisis of the American spirit are all around us," Carter said. "For the first time in the history of our country a majority of our people believe that the next five years will be worse than the past five years." The next five years *will* be worse than the past five years. *That* is the problem, not the fact that most Americans—unlike President Carter, apparently—are worried about it.

"The productivity of American workers is actually dropping and the willingness of Americans to save for the future has fallen below that of all other people in the Western world." When the inflation rate is running at over 13 percent and the government limits the interest payable on passbook savings accounts to 5½ percent, it would be evidence of malaise if people *weren't* putting their money into consumer goods instead of saving it. The drop in productivity also has less to do with psychological factors than with a physically sick economy.

"We simply must have faith in each other. Faith in our ability to govern ourselves and faith in the future of this nation. Restoring that faith and that confidence to America is now the most important task we face." If these words have any meaning at all (unlike other lines in Carter's July 15 speech, like: "Our progress has been part of the living history of America, even the world"), they suggest that President Carter, even at his most serious, is concerned only with the appearance of things. Surely the important question is our ability to

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govern ourselves, not our *faith* in our ability to govern ourselves. Carter seems to think that teaching us to sing "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" can be a substitute for leading us in out of the rain. Fortunately, he utterly lacks the rhetorical skill for such a con job.

To the extent that President Carter's troubles are the fault of larger social forces and not of his own making—and to a large extent they are not—the problem is not a malaise caused by affluence and loss of purpose. It is paralysis brought on by the wars of powerful interest groups. (We have called it "the new feudalism.") Carter threw this theme into the pop sociology stew of his television address, and brought it up again the next day in Detroit, where he promised to oppose "those narrow special interests who often forget the overriding needs of America. . . . I will fight any selfish interest that undermines our national purpose." Brave words, but in fact what little policy change has come out of the past month's *divertissement* has represented a cave-in to these very special interests. Cabinet members were fired for upsetting political calculations by offending truckers and train riders (Adams), southern whites and tobacco farmers (Califano), and protectionists (Blumenthal). The message has gone forth: this administration will take no action that helps us all in the long run but hurts anyone in particular immediately. This attitude means for sure that the next five years will be *much* worse.

A truly "bold" speech would have told the warm and wonderful American people that most of us have climbed aboard these special interest groups, which is why they are so powerful. A truly "bold" energy conservation program would *force* people to conserve, not "permit" them to do it "at a cost you can afford." A truly "bold" economic—and even spiritual—recovery proposal would include the message that things *are* going to be worse for a while, that almost all of us are going to have to share the pain of readjustment, and that he's going to *see to it* that the pain is spread around. It's obvious we can expect nothing like this from Jimmy Carter.

MR. PRESIDENT, WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT ENERGY?
HAVE CONFIDENCE
I HAVE CONFIDENCE, MR. PRESIDENT, SO TELL ME WHAT TO DO...
BELIEVE IN ME
I BELIEVE IN YOU, ALREADY, NOW WHAT CAN I DO?
SACRIFICE
I'M READY TO SACRIFICE, I WANT TO SACRIFICE...BUT TELL ME WHAT TO DO?
WELL, UMM...
SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT AMERICA...
drawing by Mike Peters

A Cowardly Failure

If there was any doubt left that President Carter isn't serious about solving the nation's energy problems, his latest energy program, revealed July 16, should dispel it. Carter has taken every half-baked scheme he could find and lumped them all together in an incoherent mass, hoping at once to satisfy every powerful interest group with a stake in energy, to give the electorate the impression that he has taken bold and decisive action and to avoid causing consumers the slightest pain. This is not an energy program; it is a public relations gambit.

Carter's program would have us do several things we shouldn't do, while not doing the things we should do. The centerpiece of any sensible energy program would be decontrol of gasoline prices and elimination of the arbitrary allocation system that has exacerbated the current shortage. Carter also could have speeded up the removal of price controls from domestically produced crude oil. Decontrol of gasoline prices would immediately reduce consumption and encourage conservation, two goals Carter claims to favor. Decontrol of domestic crude would eliminate the need for an entitlements program, which has the effect of actually subsidizing imports. These two measures would have a quick and noticeable effect on our demand for imported oil. But they would also be unpleasant. Carter was afraid to risk them.

Carter's six-point program has only two real components, one meaningless and the other malignant. The first is his ballyhooed import quota, an idea apparently dreamed up at the last minute by his public relations advisers. Carter spent 10 days at Camp David, but he didn't raise the possibility of a quota until the Friday before his Sunday speech and didn't discuss it with his Energy Department experts until Saturday. One suspects the quota's main purpose was to provide the best line in an otherwise uninspiring speech: "Beginning this moment, this nation will never use more foreign oil than we did in 1977—never." These are strong words lacking strong resolve. Carter chose 1977 as the standard for a good reason

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Correspondence

Differing approaches to Stalin

To the editors:

I write to protest against and to correct Professor Adam B. Ulam's tendentious and misleading review of my biography (*Stalin, Man of History*, *TNR*, June 23).

Professor Ulam states that my book amounts to an assertion "that Stalin was the architect of Russia's industrial and military greatness." He fails to add that in my portrayal of the man a fundamental factor is that he was emotionally and intellectually rooted in Russia's historical traditions and policies. The deep-flowing continuity of Russia's history is of crucial importance to the understanding of the man and his outlook. Professor Ulam does not mention this historical approach, apart from the statement that "the hackneyed comparison with Peter the Great is lame."

In presenting a reevaluation of Stalin I do not suggest that "we should not be too finicky" about his methods. On the contrary, I have stated clearly in the preface and elsewhere in the book that his methods were ruthless and inhuman. I have not sought to extenuate or even less to justify the inhumanities of his rule.

Professor Ulam states that the story of Stalin's nervous collapse and inability to serve as head of government during the first days of the German invasion is attested by several sources. None of these sources is conclusive. The chief source was, of course, Krushchev, who was prone to mendacity. I have relied primarily on the evidence of Marshal Zhukov, who was with Stalin at this time.

I am most surprised that Professor Ulam should find the story proven as "generally accepted" merely because the alleged nervous collapse was described in a novel published in the Soviet Union. The important point is that Stalin was in direct day-by-day command of the Russian war effort throughout World War II, and that, if he is to be blamed for the early defeats, he should have credit for the later victories.

The reference to my "rehashing of points made by Isaac Deutscher and E. H. Carr" reads strangely. My interpretation of the man and his work differs sharply and indeed is intended to correct the many misconceptions which in my view have been engendered by their writings and those of others.

Professor Ulam objects to my statement that "in January 1945 the *Armia Krajowa* was converted into an underground army." It is accurate. During the war guerrilla detachments of Poles fought against the Germans. The important point I was making, which Professor Ulam overlooks or deliberately obscures, is that in January 1945 on the orders of the anti-Russian Polish government in London the *Armia Krajowa* was re-formed to fight against the Russian forces in Poland.

With the atom bomb in their hands, the American and British leaders were anxious to finish the war against Japan without Russian aid and consequently without having to concede Stalin's terms for Russian military action against Japan as soon as victory was secured in the West. There is ample evidence to support this statement. (See, for example, W. S. Churchill, *The Second World War* [London, 1954], VI, 553.)

Is it possible that academics, having written at length on a subject, believe they have produced the definitive work and consider any different approach or interpretation heresy? In this context I would add that I have read Professor Ulam's biography of Stalin with care: it commands my respect, but my approach to and portrayal of the man are different.

Ian Grey
Chiswick, London
England

The moral and political bases of the jury system

To the editors:

Paul Robinson's discussion of the jury decision in the Dan White case ("Gays in the Streets," *TNR*, June 9) betrays a common failure to understand the moral and political bases of the jury system. We do not entrust the power to restrict individual liberty to a jury merely in order to build character among jurors. We tolerate this inefficient system because we realize that experts, drawn inevitably from a minority class of highly educated professionals, have a very different sense of justice from ordinary men and women. Juries make many mistakes and are often prejudiced, but they are not systematically biased in favor of a particular set of class and status interests. Technical qualifications are, in matters of "fairness," a positive liability.

Jeffrey Cox
Iowa City, Iowa

Direct mail recipient retaliates

To the editors:

There is a better solution to the problem of unwanted direct mail solicitations than Deborah Baldwin's proposed Council for the Reduction of Unwanted Mail ("Ideology by Mail," *TNR*, July 7 & 14). Business reply envelopes currently cost organizations 27 cents each when they are used. Mailing back empty BREs is a satisfying way to protest unwanted solicitations.

Better yet, include a piece of literature for a pet cause of your own. My own favorite is the Socialist Party, USA, 135 West Wells St. #325, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203, which has a large number of statements on current issues suitable for envelope stuffing available on request. Mailroom clerks are among the most bored and underpaid American workers and are thus a fertile field for agitation. No doubt they would appreciate personal notes as well.

J. Quinn Brisben
Chicago, Illinois

The 'Zionism-is-racism' resolution

To the editors:

Your lead article on "OPEC and the Poorest" (*TNR*, June 16) highlights an important consequence of the oil crisis. To be accurate, however, it should be noted that half the black African countries did *not* vote for the "Zionism-is-racism" resolution. Five states voted against it, while 12 abstained.

Susan Aurelia Gitelson
New York, New York

Paul Starr

Paul Starr is displeased with the editing of his article about health care legislation, contained in the issue of June 9. In particular, he wishes to dissociate himself from any implied judgments about the relative costs of President Carter's plan and that of Senator Kennedy.

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namely that imports that year were higher than ever before or since. Barring something unforeseen—say, the closing of several nuclear power plants next winter—imports will remain comfortably below the 8.2 million barrels per day limit set by Carter. Currently they are running at about 7.8 million.

Furthermore, an import quota alone is meaningless, even if it is set low enough to bite, because it begs the question of who, exactly, is going to use less oil. This is just the question Carter wishes to beg, unfortunately. If demand ever does push against his "never use more" quota, Carter will have three choices. He can abandon the quota, of course. He can institute an allocation program more nightmarishly complex than any seen so far. Or he can take real steps to reduce demand, steps of the sort he ought to be taking now. One simple and dramatic step would be gasoline rationing, by coupons or—preferably—by tax and rebate. (See "A Quick Fix," *TNR*, July 21 & 28.) A dollar-a-gallon tax on gasoline would cut demand by roughly 10 percent, which would reduce our oil imports by about 750,000 barrels per day. Carter chose an import quota over rationing by price for reasons that have nothing to do with energy economics and everything to do with politics. Average Americans will not notice any effects of the import quota until at least 1981, and maybe not then. But they would notice a sharp increase in the price of gasoline, and in plenty of time to make their feelings known when they go to the polls next year.

The other ingredient in Carter's recipe is the plan to spend $88 billion between now and 1990 to push the production of synthetic fuel from coal, shale, tar sands, and organic waste. As we have noted before (see "Synfuel Madness," *TNR*, July 21 & 28, and "Gasoholics Agronomous," June 30), these alternative fuels will be extravagantly expensive and will contribute only insignificant supplies of fuel in the foreseeable future. Most of the money to finance the projects will go into the coffers of the big energy companies, which explains why Arco and Mobil are running newspaper ads endorsing synfuel. Carter chose this scheme for the same reason as the import quota: it is painless. No American will have to pay higher fuel prices or change his or her living habits. As Carter presented it, the development of synfuel will cost taxpayers nothing, because it will be paid for entirely out of the windfall profits tax on the oil companies. But that $88 billion could be used for other programs, or even to lower taxes on individuals. It's still about $1500 for every family of four that Carter proposes to spend chasing rainbows. Where this money comes from has nothing to do with whether the expense is a wise one. And it hardly makes sense to take money from the oil companies through a windfall profits tax and then give it back to them so they can produce synfuel at no risk. Carter has tried to make synfuels look like a free lunch because they aren't worth what they will cost.

Carter's Energy Mobilization Board, which he says will "slash through red tape and bureaucratic obstacles to speed up energy projects, is another example o clever sophistry. As the president presented it, th Board will be able to overrule "procedural" provision of those laws—mostly environmental ones—that stan in the way of "key energy projects." What this probabl means is that Carter is willing to allow more air an water pollution in order to get his synfuel plants, whic are dirty affairs. He insists, however, that "we wi protect our environment." In its formulation thi proposal is transparently fatuous. If worthless "re tape" can be eliminated, we don't need an emergency t justify doing so. But a lot of so-called "red tape" serve precisely to prevent environmentally risky venture from being approved without a deliberate considera tion of their ill effects. Here again Carter is willing t take on the easy enemy—red tape, which everyon is against—but he's not willing to admit tha a real price will have to be paid in environmenta destruction.

This latest energy program suffers from the sam flaw that afflicted Carter's earlier proposals: he want to appear to be taking strong measures to solve th energy crisis, but he doesn't want to do anything t irritate his constituents. He wants a bold and decisiv program which everyone will like—a self contradiction. His import quota, as Yale economis Herbert Scarf puts it, "in effect says the country has t reduce consumption, but no individual has to reduc consumption." His synthetic fuel plan promises libera tion from OPEC at no cost. Neither, in fact, is likely t diminish our reliance on OPEC, and neither will mak us less vulnerable to supply disruptions like that cause by the revolution in Iran. Carter has stared the energ problem in the face and blinked. His program is failure, and a cowardly failure at that.

Why the Worst?

Until recently, it was too soon to conclude the wors about the way Jimmy Carter had decided to run hi government. Now the time has come. Changes for th sake of loyalty are acceptable, but only if they ar accompanied by changes for the sake of competence There's little doubt remaining that the first kind o change is the only kind we're going to get.

Despite all the hubbub in Washington and th misreadings from capitals abroad, none of th president's early moves was necessarily a bad sign. Th meditation in the mountains, the give-us-hell speech the installation of Hamilton Jordan as chief of staff, th proffered resignations of the entire first rank—eac had redeeming possibilities. The speech on July 15

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however sermonettish its substance, was delivered with verve for a change. It was an effective performance by a man who had rarely recognized the need to perform.

Jordan's elevation drew the predictable sneers from the "but-we-hardly-know-his-family" school of Washington thought. (Tom Braden, whose radio "debates" with Pat Buchanan are the political world's answer to the Special Olympics, set the tone last year by describing the danger of inviting to dinner anyone omitted, like Jordan, from Washington's society register, the Green Book.) Jordan responded with a publicity blitz, correctly guessing that *any* impression he left in a TV interview or newspaper profile would have to be better than the reputation he now enjoys. He has also made his own best case as the man for the job. Carter, by all reports, needed someone who could speak plausibly in his name and resolve petty differences rather than dumping them all on the president's desk; Jordan had the necessary—and sufficient—qualification of enjoying the president's trust. It would be nice if he had more—a sense of history, a feel for government, background of service to more than one man. But these aren't essential to a staff chief's housekeeping chores. Unfortunately, his chores are likely to be much more than that. As—or *if*—Carter goes around the country campaigning for reelection, Jordan may well turn out to be acting president. Take that for reassurance!

The mass resignations of the Cabinet and White House staff members, while provoking columnists to tut-tut and excitable Europeans to unload their dollars, also had an initially promising side: the suggestion that the president could think anew about the people he had chosen, and make selections based not on inertia but on his famous principle of Why Not the Best?

The problem was what happened next. Loyalty, as Hamilton Jordan explained on "Meet the Press," is a necessary quality in government; the chaos and contradictions among the Carter appointees had created a Keystone Cops air. Joseph Califano and Brock Adams have been around long enough to know that the way they had worked the press, run their departments, and dealt on Capitol Hill was "disloyal" by the standards of most administrations. For this they can hardly be blamed, since the president did little to correct them before abruptly declaring Judgment Day, but neither could they pretend to be shocked and wronged. A dozen years ago, Lyndon Johnson would have unloaded a secretary as freewheeling as the modern Califano, and young White House assistant Joseph Califano would have been leading the way.

The wolves (including this journal) have been baying for James Schlesinger's blood for months. Now that he's been fired from two consecutive administrations, we hope he won't be put in the position to suffer this indignity again. If Schlesinger's firing had accompanied true change in the energy policy he has come to symbolize, it would have been encouraging. Instead, he has been made a ritual sacrifice to substitute for a serious new energy policy.

If the definitive standard is loyalty, one is tempted to shed a few tears for Griffin Bell. After his insensitive handling of civil libertarian issues such as the *Progressive* magazine and Socialist Worker party cases, we would not have been sorry to see him retire quietly to Atlanta. But it's a bit unfair that Carter lumped his long-planned resignation with the other firings.

The disappointment of Carter's shake-up is not whom he fired, but whom he didn't fire. Having fired for disloyalty, the president should have taken the next step and fired for ineptness. As Hamilton Jordan explained on "Meet the Press," a president needs employees who are both loyal and *competent*. We agree, and wish the president did too. So far the evidence shows that his talk about competence is talk and nothing else.

There were two hard tests of Carter's commitment to competence. He failed the first when he sent Patricia Roberts Harris from the Department of Housing and Urban Development to succeed Califano as secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. However arrogant and scheming Califano may have been as a person, he did seem to be a skillful hand on the tiller at HEW. No one ever said that he couldn't do the job. That is exactly what they have been saying about Patricia Roberts Harris for the last two years—"they" being the very White House officials, speaking through the veil of background anonymity, who now have placed her atop the least manageable of agencies. If they still believe what they were saying before, they know she is guaranteed to fail at the job. Nothing in Jimmy Carter's character had prepared us for the plain cynicism of this act. Perhaps it was Harris's cheerleading for the president during his time on the mountain that recommended her; if it were simply her token value as a black female, the administration could have traded on that by leaving her at HUD.

The results of the second test are not all in, but the early trend is clear. While firing Cabinet members who, however obnoxious, were said to be skillful, Carter has spared some assistants who, however pleasant, are known to be out of their league. We have in mind such men as James McIntyre (director of the Office of Management and Budget), Frank Moore (the president's assistant for congressional relations), and Robert Lipshutz (counsel to the president). All are said to be well-meaning and decent; each has tried hard to improve. But if anyone were asked to draw up a list of those best suited to direct the federal budget, explain the president's programs to the Congress, and give sound legal advice, these names would not appear. For Carter to face that fact and say goodbye to these, his faithful lieutenants, would be a brave and heartening sign that he was willing to sacrifice his friends to save

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his administration. To leave them in place while demoting Califano and Blumenthal is to confirm that the "loyalty and competence" formula boils down to loyalty, period.

There may no longer be any point in asking Jimmy Carter, "Why Not the Best?" More and more the question is, Why the Worst?

The Human Comedy

Headline on a *Washington Post* article (July 15) about how to give a party on a ship:

ENTERTAINING: For Boat People

Buckminster Fuller on the "two cultures" in his new book, *Synergetics* (Macmillan):

> *935.24* The tetrahedral model of the quantum as the minimum structural system of Universe is a prime component in producing the conceptual bridge to span the vast chasm identified by C. P. Snow as having for so long existed between the one percent of the world people who are scientists and the 99 percent of humanity comprehendingly communicated with by the writers in literature and the humanities. This chasm has been inadvertently sustained by the use of an exclusively mathematical language of abstract equations on the part of scientists, thus utterly frustrating the comprehension of the scientists' work by the 99 percent of humanity that does not communicate mathematically. This book, *Synergetics*, contains the conceptualizing adequate to the chasm-bridging task and it does so in vectorially structured geometry and in exclusively low-order prime numbers in rational whole-number accounting.

An advertisement in the *New York Times* (contributed by Sanford and Harriet Weiner, El Cerrito, California):

DEATH & THE GAS SHORTAGE

"You can't get to Heaven in a limousine,
'cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline."
Old campfire song

> The gas shortage is going to get worse, not better. But after you're dead, who cares about shortages?
>
> Your family, loved ones and their descendants will if they have to travel great distances out on Long Island or upstate to visit your grave. It's an inconvenient, unnecessary and costly burden. Trinity Church Cemetery now has available beautiful garden mausoleums here in Manhattan—within easy reach by public transportation.

And "The Human Comedy" welcomes back two regulars, the "Weekend" section of the *Post* and Joseph Sisco's "Foreign Affairs" column in the *Times*. From "Weekend":

> As we cruise blithely into summer, reality spreads like an oil slick on the road.

And from Sisco:

> WASHINGTON—"It is the most impossible job in the world." We have often heard this reference to the Presidency from both ordinary Americans and political aspirants, half in jest and in seriousness. It connotes a perception of the office of the President of utmost complexity in an interdependent world. . . .
>
> Politics and leadership at home and abroad require meaningful analysis and generalization, and often take place in an atmosphere of contempt, abuse and acrimony. They call for the highest stamina if leaders are to stand on uncertain turf where sometimes to act at all may be to act wrongly, where there are few if no absolutes, and where success is almost the sole criterion of measurement.

White House Watch

The Worst of Times

Here is an account of the doubts, decisions equivocations, and related events that between April of 1978 and July of 1979 brought President Carter to the conclusion that he hadn't been doing well and, in late July, to assertions of total satisfaction with himself and with what he had just done to set things right and improve his prospects for nomination and reelection in 1980. What he had just done was tell the country that it was sick in a Sunday night address on July 15, accept the resignations of five of his 11 Cabinet officers, demand offers of resignation from his and his wife's principal White House assistants, place over them and indirectly over the entire federal bureaucracy a White House chief of staff with a title and with authority that he'd said he'd never grant anybody, and shake what was left of the nation's and the world's confidence in him and his capacity to govern. He expressed his satisfaction with all this and a good deal more, including a revised energy program, in the White House press room on July 20, at a White House meeting—we are forbidden to say and I'm not saying it was a hamburger lunch—with some 30 journalists on July 21, and in a televised press conference on July 25. His sense of satisfaction and self-confidence were summed up in what he said about the Cabinet shifts when he appeared, looking tired and gray and worn, in the press room on the 20th: "I am well pleased with all the changes that have been made. Every

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We asked Americans:

'Why Isn't America Using More Coal?'

Because Union Carbide's business depends on energy, our future growth depends on national policies which bring about reliable, long-term energy supplies from many sources, including coal. Since public attitudes help shape public policy, we commissioned a survey which included this question:

"Thinking about (each of the following), is it your feeling that this is keeping the U.S. from using more coal, or do you feel this is not having much effect on the use of coal in this country?"

	Restrains coal use	Not much effect
Coal's effect on environment	48%	40%
Coal's effect on human health	39%	50%
Cost of mining & transporting	34%	53%
Government regulations	49%	36%

Source: May 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc. ("Don't knows" not shown.)

Half say regulations and environmental problems restrain coal use.

Most experts agree that we have a 300- to 400-year supply of coal in the United States, and 3 out of 4 Americans feel that we should rely heavily on coal for our energy needs. But when asked why coal—which represents 80% of our known energy resources—provides only 20% of our current needs, almost half named government regulations and the environmental effects of mining and using coal as restraining influences.

Getting on with the job.

HEW has found that "intensified use of coal as an energy source . . . would not lead to serious health or ecological consequences if certain precautions are taken." In addition, the National Coal Policy Project, composed of environmentalists, coal companies, utilities and other industries, recently reached agreement on a body of policies which would allow increased coal production and use in an environmentally acceptable manner.

In recognition of the country's urgent need to replace scarce oil with abundant coal, the President has asked federal regulatory agencies to review their policies and to propose ways of encouraging the greater use of domestic coal. At the same time, the country has an opportunity to take other steps towards this end:

- Make sure that regulations for the use of coal properly protect the environment—but don't needlessly inhibit coal production or use.
- Use coal for the things coal does best, such as generating electricity. This will save oil for those purposes for which there is no present substitute, such as transportation and chemical raw materials.
- Support legislation which provides for demonstration projects to convert coal into gas and liquid fuels and chemical raw materials.

Union Carbide's commitment to coal.

Union Carbide believes that America must use its abundant coal resources to help secure its energy future. And that we can do so in ways that protect land, air, water—and people. To those ends, we plan to use coal as a boiler fuel, whenever practical, in new facilities.

We first began research on converting coal to chemicals in the 1930's, but stopped work on these projects in the 1960's because coal could not compete with world oil then priced at $2 a barrel. With current energy shortages and skyrocketing oil and gas prices, it is again in our interest to turn to the coal utilization technologies we've developed over the years.

This advertisement is part of a continuing series on public opinions and national concerns.
For more information, write for a complimentary copy of the national survey, "Public Attitudes on Energy." Address: Energy, Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-16, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017

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single change has been a positive change. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that I and my administration will now be better able to serve this country and to resolve those problems and to meet those challenges which I described to the American people in my television address Sunday evening."

You have to go back to April 1978 and even beyond then to October 1977 to understand the rush of events that followed the President's return from Tokyo and Seoul on July 2. In October 1977 he began to say through his press secretary, Jody Powell, that something was wrong, not with his presidency and its performance, but with the way in which it and the performance were being presented to the country. In mid-April 1978, at a series of weekend meetings with his Cabinet and his senior White House assistants at Camp David, the presidential hideaway in the Maryland mountains near Washington, he addressed himself to some of the problems—Cabinet and White House discipline and running the government—that he tackled in mid- and late July. After the 1978 meeting I wrote that "Hamilton Jordan is not denying, as I had been told he would be, that Carter has confirmed to his staff and to his Cabinet the intention that Jordan have all the authority except formal designation of a real chief of staff." After Powell announced July 17 that the President had invited all of his Cabinet officers to "offer their resignations" and that Jordan had called upon 18 White House assistants to do the same, it was reported and confirmed that Carter had formally named Jordan chief of the White House staff. I then wrote a note to Jordan: "Would you agree with the following? At the Cabinet-staff Camp David meetings in 1978, the President gave you all the authority you now have, minus the formal designation of chief of staff. Until recently you chose to use that authority 'selectively' (a term you once used to me) in situations and on problems of your choice. Basically what has happened recently is that the President has told you to get off your ass and use all of the authority he granted you last year, across the board."

Jordan emphatically did not agree: he'd never before had the authority that any chief of staff would need in order to be effective, with or without the title. Other assistants upon whom I'd relied for the 1978 report agree in part, with a qualification they didn't offer in 1978. At that meeting, they now said, the President simply could not bring himself to qualify or abandon, clearly and unequivocally, the pledge of Cabinet autonomy and "Cabinet government" that he had repeatedly made during his campaigns for nomination and election in 1976. Nor could he bring himself to confer clearly and adequately upon anybody on his staff the authority that a staff chief would require. He'd said at the 1978 meetings that he wanted, indeed demanded, the Cabinet cohesion and support for his policies that he felt he hadn't been getting. He also wanted, indeed demanded, White House management and discipline of a kind that he'd thought lacking and he looked to Jordan to provide it. But, it now seemed in hindsight to Jordan and others, all that passed at the 1978 meetings was incomplete, vague, imprecise. What had been thought and said at the time to be a major turn in the Carter presidency, a significant change in the way the White House staff was to be managed and the Cabinet was to be monitored and overseen from the White House, had proved to be much less than Carter intended and desired. In the words of a senior assistant it was "a half step," not the full and firm step toward orderly government and an orderly White House that the President thought he was taking in 1978.

It's being said at the White House that the concerns the President expressed in his July 15 speech and the actions he subsequently took date back to last April and May. They are said to follow naturally from discussions that had been in progress before he went off to Tokyo for his third "economic summit" with the leaders of six other industrial nations, and for his visit of reassurance and conciliation with South Korea's president and dictator, Park Chung Hee. That is true only in part. The word at the White House when Carter departed in late June was that despite his steady fall in the polls and his and the country's troubles with inflation and the energy supply, he was all but certain of nomination and reelection next year. There was some concern about and discussion of the mood of the country, the "national malaise" that a presidential caller was soon to bemoan and that Carter was soon to connect with all his difficulties in his July 15 speech. Patrick Caddell, the President's personal poller, had been preaching at least since 1975 that the nation was losing fundamental confidence in itself and since 1977 had been begging Carter and others at the White House to pay attention. On April 23 he had summarized what he took to be compelling and crushing evidence to that effect in a memo to Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter. During the July cataclysm Jody Powell put it about that this memo was what really set the President upon the course he then took. Another assistant with at least equal knowledge of Carter's mind and motivations dismissed that notion with contempt. Pat, this assistant snorted, is always writing memos and the April one was taken seriously only when it met the President's perceived need for a speech theme broader than the energy problem.

The energy problem had preoccupied the President's senior advisers before he went to Asia. The sudden proliferation of gasoline unfilling station lines, especially in California, caused domestic adviser Stuart Eizenstat to have his senior deputy, David Rubenstein compose a memorandum message that Eizenstat edited and fired off to Carter in Tokyo on June 28. A minor indication of what happens among the highest and best White House assistants is that Eizenstat really thought the message would be seen only by Carter in Tokyo and, when they got home, by Jody Powell and Hamilton

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ordan in Washington. Copies of it were read by verybody of consequence in the official party with Carter in Asia and it was a popular item, rivaling the Doonesbury cartoon, among White House stay-at-homes. Eizenstat and Rubenstein were so proud of it hat they were suspected of leaking it to the *Washington Post*. In truth, the leak distressed Eizenstat. A woman on he White House staff, rank and identity unknown, elephoned Bob Woodward of Watergate fame and offered him the Eizenstat memo. He's become a *Post* editor and thinks editors should not write news stories. The memo story appeared under the byline of Martin Schram, who in my opinion is doing the best daily newspaper job of White House reporting. Schram spent he next several days discouraging the widespread upposition that his friend Greg Scheiders, image ngineer Gerald Rafshoon's deputy, had slipped the nemo to him.

Eizenstat's evident pride in the memo is the only ndication known to me that maybe he isn't as smart as ie is generally thought to be. "In many respects," he old the President, "this would appear to be the worst of imes. But I honestly believe we can change this to a ime of opportunity." The change could be accomplished, he said, "with strong steps" to "mobilize he country around a real crisis with a real enemy—OPEC." Aboard Air Force One on the way home from Tokyo and Seoul, Carter said that the Oil Producing nd Exporting Countries' latest increase in base prices or their oil—up 60 percent this year, the President aid—"will make a recession much more likely" and is 'a devastating blow to the world." Rather than laze on a Honolulu beach while Americans at home were lining ip for scarce gasoline, Carter passed up a two-day rest nd flew straight to Washington. In conferences with ongressional leaders, his staff, and others at the White House on Monday, July 2, he was discernibly tired and listraught. Powell and Rafshoon had urged him in Tokyo to address the nation on the energy problem as oon as possible after his return. Eizenstat had argued n the leaked memo and argued on Monday for delay until around the third week of July." Powell and Rafshoon prevailed and Powell announced that the peech would be delivered on television and radio the ollowing Thursday evening, July 5. Hendrik Hertzberg, a young fellow who was recently designated hief of the six speech writers under Rafshoon, had ollected notes and ideas for an energy speech from Secretary of Energy James R. Schlesinger and budget office energy specialist Eliot Cutler during the Asia trip. Hertzberg began drafting the day the Carter party eturned. Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter choppered to Camp David the next day, Tuesday July 3. They had the ourth of Hertzberg's drafts in hand when, at around 3 .m. on July 4, the two Carters set in train the events hat in the judgment of pro-Carter Democrats far more nowledgeable than I am probably, in the phrase of one of them, left Jimmy Carter permanently "dead in the water."

Jimmy was alone with Rosalynn at the time. Absent confirmation from either of them, it must be supposed that she had a lot to do with what he did. He placed "a conference call" through the White House switchboard from Camp David to Vice President Walter Mondale, Jordan, Rafshoon, and Powell. Powell was taking the holiday off and was away from his home for 10 minutes or so when the call came. His deputy, Rex Granum, was hooked into the conference call. Carter said, Announce cancellation of the Thursday speech and don't say anything else. Powell, told of the instruction 10 minutes later, called the wire services and on the basis of Carter's *don't say anything else* told them, "I am not in a position to explain." Rafshoon, Carter's communicator with the national networks, told the others on the conference call that he'd notify the TV and radio people, who had reserved Thursday evening time for the scheduled broadcast. He'd hardly got to his office when Sid Davis, NBC's bureau chief in Washington, called him. Davis had the news from a Reuters bulletin and asked, *Why? Is the President ill?* Rafshoon said, the President is okay and as for the rest of the *why*, ask Powell. Aware that the networks knew about the cancellation, Rafshoon didn't notify George Watson of ABC, the networks "pool" chairman and, for the current quarter, their working contact with the White House people.

At around 6 p.m., when it was obvious from inquiries that the unexplained cancellation was causing worldwide speculation that Carter had gone bonkers, Powell told Helen Thomas of UPI that the President was dissatisfied with "the analysis" of the energy problem that had gone into the speech, not with the speech draft as such. That was the only explanation offered until the next morning, Thursday the 5th, when one of Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal's secretaries called Camp David. Frances M. Voorde, the President's deputy appointments secretary, told Blumenthal's secretary that the President might not be available for an hour or so—he was fishing in a Camp David creek—and Blumenthal's secretary said, okay. Hamilton Jordan called Voorde and said, Stu Eizenstat thought it essential that Carter get in touch with Blumenthal right away. The dollar was going to hell on the world currency markets and the President had to say something to halt the rout. Voorde got Carter and Blumenthal in talking touch within minutes and a Carter statement was issued, saying there was no cause to worry about the dollar. Carter, it was implied, was sane and in charge and knew what he was doing.

It is assumed in the remainder of this report that literate people, including the readers if not the writers of this magazine, have been informed up to here of what happened after the Carters canceled his July 5 speech. He said he'd invited between 140 and 150 people, high and low, to Camp David to tell him what

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was wrong with him, the country, American life. He'd gone secretly without the usual media mob, for which I applaud him, to talk with folks in Pittsburgh and Martinsburg, West Virginia. Turned out that one of these people had been accused of arson and convicted of a lesser connected charge, but so what? He quoted some of his Camp David visitors in his July 15 speech on what was wrong with him; he got around only the following day in Kansas City and Detroit to saying for himself that he had spent too much time trying to manage the government in too much detail and too little time leading the people and the country. Then came the accepted resignations of HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams, and Attorney General Griffin Bell. I'm concerned hereafter with trivia—"pissant questions," I was assured by a high Carter assistant—that tell me more about how the Carter administration worked in this time of crisis than the changes in themselves tell.

First, Bell and Schlesinger. Bell told a group of reporters months ago that he hoped and intended to resign by the end of June. The final FBI update checks on his intended successor, Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, were sent to Carter at Camp David the week before his and the other resignations were announced. Considering his long Georgia association and friendship with Carter, the gracious thing would have been to accept and announce his resignation then. That, of course, would have detracted from the impression of decisive action and cleanout that Carter sought. Same, with differences, with Schlesinger. Carter himself confirmed that Schlesinger had been offering to resign for months, which I know to be true. He, too, was lumped into the other departures in order—that certainly was the effect, anyhow—to further the impression of decisive presidential action. Shoddy stuff, exposing a shoddy side of Jimmy Carter.

Califano and Blumenthal did more after their resignations to justify the Carter White House indictments of them than they'd ever done in office. I agree with one of Carter's favored and senior assistants that the President should have called Califano in, told him to stop the smart-ass end-running around Carter policies and legislation that he was rightly accused of doing, or get the hell out. The lying match that Califano started and Carter foolishly joined after Califano's resignation was announced—had or had not Carter said that he was shaping up the Cabinet for 1980, that Califano's differences with named Carter assistants made his resignation necessary?—disgraced both of them. Carter learned the day after Califano's resignation was accepted and announced that Jordan had called wire service and network correspondents to his office to explain his new role as staff chief. Carter telephoned Jordan and ordered him to tell the assembled correspondents that a late-edition *Washington Star* report that Carter at the July 10 Cabinet meeting had jumped all over UN Ambassador Andrew Young for making trouble for the President with unauthorized statements and had said he'd never again hold a press conference in Washington was false and "full of lies." Carter, Jordan, and others at the White House attributed the story to Califano. The story was exaggerated, but it was not wholly false and "full of lies." Carter said (truly, I'm told) that he didn't discuss the merits and demerits of Califano and the others with any of his assistants or even with Rosalynn. So nobody had a chance specifically to oppose or support the changes. Eizenstat and Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson however, deplored the acceptance and handling of Califano's resignation before and after it happened Eizenstat told Califano so by telephone. The added HEW story that Eizenstat "sobbed" during the call is said at the White House to be ridiculous.

Carter said at the aforementioned White House meeting with reporters that Blumenthal, in unstated but unmistakable contrast with Califano, had behaved like a gentleman. Blumenthal did so in his generous and forbearing statement at a farewell press conference Hobart Rowen, chief financial editor and writer of the *Washington Post*, said (after talking to Blumenthal) that Blumenthal feared Hamilton Jordan's impact on economic policy. Rowen also wrote that Blumenthal people blamed his downfall in part on the outgoing secretary's failure, in the view of Carter loyalists, to protect Carter's friend Bert Lance from the Treasury investigations that led to his downfall. Confirmed and broadened though his authority is, Jordan is not intended to have and does not intend to have and is not qualified to have an impact on economic policy. It was a silly thing for Blumenthal to say.

Another and to most people petty facet of the Blumenthal affair interests me more. Joseph Laitin Blumenthal's chief press spokesman, is considered among many Washington journalists including me to be the best government public relations type in Washington. At a session a few days ago with a Washington correspondent, Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell said approximately and in unison: "We know that Joe Laitin is considered to be the best p.r. man in Washington. But he talks too much, we don't want him loose in the agencies, and we don't want him at the White House because he is not one of us." This is exactly how Jordan feels about Laitin, with the additional damnation that he builds up his departmental bosses at the President's expense. In many years of friendship, I've never known Laitin to do the latter. If Carter, Jordan, Powell, and Rafshoon had the sense of a retarded goat, they'd bring Joe Laitin into the White House press office to build up their boss. Their boss needs building up, they and God know.

John Osborne

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Democrats leap to the conclusion.

It's Over For Jimmy

The past two weeks will be remembered as the period when President Jimmy Carter packed it in, put the finishing touches on a failed presidency. Senator Pat Moynihan put it this way: "We've come to the end of Carter's first term and now face 15 months of campaigning to see if he is to have a second." Jimmy Carter and Jody Powell would condemn Moynihan's judgment as typical of what they call the "Washington mentality." In fact, the shred of optimism Moynihan expresses about the possibility of a second term is reflected only faintly among Democrats elsewhere.

Take first the dramatic, down-from-the-mountain, table-thumping speech that drew the largest television audience the president has commanded since his inaugural walk down Pennsylvania Avenue. It took a bit of time to soak in fully, but here was the man who once believed that all America needed was a government as good as its people. Now, after two years in office, he finds the people deficient in spirit, suffering from a lack of self-confidence, in the grips of a national malaise. A labor leader who backed Carter in 1976, in both the primaries and the general election, summed up his view of the speech: "If we knew how much of our standard of living we're going to have to surrender to inflation next year and whether we're going to be able to get gasoline and heating oil, we'd have plenty of confidence. The fault is his, not ours, and asking us to say something good about America is like Gerald Ford telling us to pin on little lapel buttons and 'Whip Inflation Now.'"

But the speech will mean very little in the long run, because the slight blip it produced in the opinion polls was promptly erased by the Cabinet purge. The old Jimmy Carter used to tell us how much he valued an independent spirit in the Cabinet, how proud he was that there'd been more continuity in his Cabinet than in any presidency since Franklin Pierce. Once it was even said that if he won reelection, the entire Cabinet would be invited to stay on for a second term. But when Jimmy Carter needed to throw a few bodies off the sled to improve his image as a decisive president, he unhesitatingly disposed of the most independent Cabinet members: Califano, Adams, and Blumenthal.

It means nothing that Carter went back on his promise never to have a chief of staff. It is important, however, that Hamilton Jordan's idea of creative tension and a new beginning was to issue thousands of evaluation forms through the top levels of every Cabinet agency. When that announcement hit, you could hear the sphincters snapping shut all over Washington. Jody Powell unburdened himself of the opinion that the panic was confined to the Capital and the people "wouldn't care if we fired the whole government." Wrong, Jody. The people would like it best if you could figure out some way to govern this country for the next 15 months, and scaring the bejesus out of the very people you've brought in to help is no way to accomplish that. In the Nashville *Tennessean*, a Democratic newspaper in a state that Jimmy Carter carried in 1976 with 83 percent of the vote in the primary and 70 percent in the general election, the editorial cartoon depicted Jordan in a crew cut reminiscent of the one worn by the man who held the chief of staff job under Nixon, with the caption, "H.R. Jordan." So it is not a Washington reaction.

Jordan's ability to fill the job is not called into question by his previous high jinks nor even by his own oft-repeated assessment that his skills are only political and not managerial. It is astounding to learn, however, that the president's top assistant in the White House for the past two and a half years has never bothered to make the acquaintance of Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. That calls his political skills into question.

The dominant reaction of Democratic party professionals around the country was that nothing Carter has done—not the speech, not the purge, not his promise to change his lifestyle and work habits—will help. The character of his administration is indelibly set. The endorsement of Carter by two-thirds of the Democratic governors meeting in Louisville last month will mean nothing in the long run. With very few exceptions, each of the governors ultimately will decide who to back in 1980 based on home state conditions at the time of his own primary. The endorsement was engineered by Governor Jim Hunt of North Carolina, who is Carter's leading supporter among Democratic governors. Joe Califano's anti-smoking campaign has gone down poorly in that tobacco-producing state, and HEW's stringent insistence on further desegregation of the North Carolina state university system has caused additional unhappiness there. Some Democrats suspect that Jim Hunt may be wearing a part of Califano's scalp on his belt. The day Califano was relieved of his job, the members of the North Carolina congressional delegation received special calls from the White House informing them of his pending departure.

Then there is the Kennedy factor. The Massachusetts senator still has not deviated from his position that he expects Carter to run, expects to support him, and blah blah. But hardly anyone will bother to ask Kennedy anymore about his real intentions. With Carter slumping to dangerously low points in all the polls, what did Kennedy do? Offer to help, to pitch in and do whatever he could in the reclamation? On the contrary, he scheduled major television and newspaper interviews to deal with his own political liability, Chappaquiddick, then commanded the floor of the Senate to lead the praise for fired Cabinet Secretary Califano, announced an alternative energy program and made what can only be considered a major political address to the National Urban League. "He made our

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job much easier," said Sergio Bendixon, a former Carter supporter and national committeeman from Florida who heads up the draft-Kennedy forces in that state. "He removed the doubt."

Kennedy is being advised by some high-ranking Democrats to take off the last fig leaf and announce his candidacy on Labor Day. He will not do that, because considering the shape Jimmy Carter is in now, the day Kennedy becomes an active candidate Carter automatically becomes a lame duck president. They'd have to plug up the ratlines just to be able to staff the administration.

It's over for Jimmy Carter. He needed a new image, so he took the advice of his pollster, his ad man, and his wife and wound up immobilizing his own government, imperiling the American dollar on the international market, and looking more than ever like a crude, erratic, unstable amateur. Ted Stevens is not a frivolous man. He is the second ranking Republican in the Senate and a man of considered judgment. When he takes the floor of the Senate to suggest the possibility that the president has become mentally unstable, then goes on national television to affirm those remarks, it is an extraordinary event.

There is no external political pressure like Vietnam, no dry rot of internal corruption like Watergate. The Carter administration simply has imploded, collapsed inwardly under the weight of its own incompetence. One Washington commentator calls it "anti-talent." A West Coast Democrat who played a key role in Carter's 1976 general election says in despair, "It's only a matter of time before his popularity rating intersects with the inflation index. Then what?" Coast to coast, the story is the same. It's not only Washington.

Ken Bode

Nicaragua's new rulers.

Meet the Junta

The Nicaraguan movement that overthrew the government of General Anastasio Somoza was as broad a coalition as can be imagined. For the last year of the struggle, that movement embraced virtually all of Nicaraguan society, ranging from radical segments of the rebel Sandinista army to the most conservative leaders of business and industry. The only point of general agreement in the movement was the need to rid the nation of Somoza. Now, as the new government begins to consolidate itself, it will have to make more difficult decisions.

Last month, sensing that victory was drawing near, the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) named a provisional "junta of national reconstruction" which it planned to install as the country's next government. That junta has now taken control and is the legal government of Nicaragua.

Wisely recognizing that the rebel army was only one part of the anti-Somoza movement, the FSLN did not, as some had feared, try to install a government made up exclusively of its own leaders. Instead, the junta contains only one Sandinista fighter. The other four, chosen after extensive and delicate negotiations, are two former university professors, a conservative millionaire businessman, and the widow of an assassinated anti-Somoza newspaper publisher.

In mid-June, still in exile outside of Nicaragua, the junta issued a document promising that theirs will be "a regime of genuine democracy, justice, and social progress that fully guarantees the rights of all Nicaraguans to political participation." Someone close to the junta in Managua predicted that it would follow "a model that is social democratic, if you need to give it a name, in a transition to socialism. It would follow something like the line of Allende." Salvador Allende was the democratically elected Communist president of Chile who was killed in a military coup led by the present Chilean leader, General Pinochet.

The junta is now in the process of naming a Council of State composed of about 30 representatives of various organized groups in the country. The Council will serve as a kind of interim legislature. The groups from which the Council members will be chosen range from the Sandinista army itself to the Chamber of Commerce and breakaway elements of Somoza's own Liberal party.

The task of reconstruction includes more than the physical rebuilding of a country devastated by bombing and armed conflict. It will require the political education of the Nicaraguan people, who have no experience of participating in government.

The junta and Council of State are likely to govern the country for several years before elections are held. Though there is some disagreement on how long this period should be, most of the suggestions are for a period of rule by the junta of two to four years. Then there are supposed to be elections for a constituent assembly. That assembly will write a new constitution that probably will be based on a presidential system similar to that used in the United States. After the constitution is ratified, the assembly would set a date for the first post-Somoza political election.

Members of the junta have promised that when they are in charge, an independent supreme court will be named "to re-establish the correct application of justice and fully guarantee the rights of citizens." Specifically, the junta has declared it will respect freedom of speech, press, and thought; freedom of religion; freedom to organize trade unions and other popular organizations; and the immediate repeal of "all repressive laws, especially those which attack the dignity and integrity

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of people, thereby ending assassinations, disappearances, tortures, illegal arrests, and invasions of people's homes."

The junta has proposed that Nicaragua's new post-Somoza army be built around a core of FSLN fighters, but include those National Guardsmen "who have shown honest and patriotic conduct in the face of the corruption and repression of the dictatorship." To some Nicaraguans, this language appears to exclude virtually all members of the Guard, and the composition of the new armed force could become a matter of debate within the new government.

The most pressing problem for the junta is to solicit massive international aid to rebuild the shattered economy and destroyed cities of Nicaragua. Sweden and West Germany said they were willing to help even before the fighting ended, and there have been other offers since. But those smaller nations cannot possibly provide the hundreds of millions of dollars that will be needed. Mexico and Venezuela, the only two Latin countries in a position to help, may provide credits for the purchase of oil, but are not expected to provide substantial aid beyond that. As for the United States, which has dominated this country for nearly a century, perhaps the State Department finally has learned its lesson and will agree to cooperate with the new government by providing generous aid. But the congressional Somoza lobby might try to block such assistance by calling the new government too leftist to deserve American patronage.

A second early challenge to the new regime will be the demands of radical groups for a complete and immediate socialization of the country. In Allende's Chile, the insistence of radical groups on taking over farms and factories in defiance of government orders caused great conflict within the government.

The junta proposes to create a three-tiered system that will include a strong "efficient state sector" that will embrace the vast properties formerly controlled by the Somoza family and its associates; government takeover of the banking, finance, and insurance industries; and public control of exports of the country's natural resources. There would also be substantial private and mixed sectors of the economy. The economists advising the junta have made the obvious but still essential observation that "fundamental agrarian reform is crucial" in order to guarantee self-sufficiency in basic foodstuffs.

In foreign affairs, the junta has pledged to follow "an independent and non-aligned" policy which will seek as allies "all nations that respect our self-determination and seek mutually beneficial economic relations." Sources close to the junta foresee sharp restrictions on multinational companies which invest their Nicaraguan profits outside the country.

The foreign minister of the new junta is the Reverend Miguel D'Escoto, a Maryknoll priest who was until recently living in a seminary in New York state. Like the new culture minister, radical priest and poet Ernesto Cardenal, he is a long-time supporter of the Sandinista struggle. The interior minister, Tomás Borge, was leader of one of the rebel armies which, observers feared, would refuse to accept junta discipline and lay down its arms. But many of the other new ministers only recently declared themselves against the Somoza government. These include a millionaire lawyer, an official of the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington, the president of the Nicaraguan Insurance Institute, several professors, and the former rector of the National University of Nicaragua. Together, they fully represent the diversity of the anti-Somoza movement and should be able to rally the nation. But given their broad differences of opinion on certain crucial matters, members of the new government will have to work very hard at maintaining the unity that was the key to their overthrow of Somoza.

Stephen Kinzer

Stephen Kinzer, who writes regularly on Latin America, was in Nicaragua during the overthrow of Somoza and is about to return there.

Let's not make the same mistake twice.

History's Boat People

In December 1941, an unseaworthy converted yacht, built to carry less than 100 people, sailed from the Rumanian port of Constanza on the Black Sea. On board were 769 Jews; they had spent small and large fortunes to buy places on the voyage, and had been robbed of what little they had left just before the departure. The pro-Nazi Rumanian government under Marshall Ian Antonescu had passed anti-semitic legislation in 1940. In January 1941, a brutal pogrom had seen Bucharest Jews hung from meat hooks in the windows of butcher shops. British and American diplomats in Rumania sent full reports on the atrocities to the Foreign Office and the State Department.

Against this background, the *Struma* set sail for Palestine. It reached Istanbul and there the refugees lingered, prohibited from coming ashore. The British were determined that the *Struma* would not get to Palestine, lest the 1939 White Paper restrictions on Jewish immigration there be violated. They told the Turkish government that the refugees would not be admitted to Palestine. The British put pressure on Turkey to send the steamer back to the Black Sea.

After more than two months—by which time disease

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had reached epidemic proportions among the overcrowded passengers—the *Struma* was towed out of Istanbul. At the last moment the British decided to grant entry certificates to the children under 16 and allow them to proceed overland to Palestine. But the Turks thought that such a gesture would encourage further shiploads to dock at Istanbul, so no one was permitted to leave the boat.

Five miles out of the harbor, the *Struma* blew apart. The ship may have been torpedoed by a U-boat; perhaps it struck a mine; possibly there was an internal explosion as soon as the ancient Danube cruiser hit rough waters. At any rate, the *Struma* sank very quickly. Of the 769 passengers, 767 drowned, including more than 200 children.

The *Struma* affair at least got some publicity. Right now, between a third and a half of the Indochinese boat people drown in the South China Sea, according to American estimates. About these refugees, one hears virtually nothing. Only the fortunate ones, those who actually make it to Malaysia, Hong Kong, or wherever else, enjoy the benefit of international sympathy.

According to Lord Moyne, Britain's colonial secretary in 1941 and early 1942, "There [had] been specific reports of Nazi agents on the *Struma*." Nearly every time a refugee ship left Europe from the late 1930s on, bureaucrats and cabinet ministers argued that the illegal traffic was "engineered by the Gestapo," that "Nazi spies" and "Axis agents" had infiltrated the refugee parties in order to "penetrate" the Middle East. As it happens, never in the entire course of the war did the British find a single spy or enemy agent among the illegal Jewish immigrants.

Nearly three quarters of a million people, mostly ethnic Chinese, have fled Vietnam since the fall of Saigon, by land and by sea. There may be spies among those who have boarded the boats and actually have made it to some shore, according to an *International Herald Tribune* report from Hong Kong: "Security officials are expressing concern that Hanoi is deliberately infiltrating long term agents into South East Asia with the flood." Similar claims are made about the overland refugees. Last month a "senior Thai security officer" told Western reporters that "at least 10 percent" of the 250,000 refugees who have crossed into Thailand from Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos are spies.

Vietnam certainly is not above using the refugee traffic to infiltrate agents into other countries. But security concerns should not be used to justify deporting detained refugees and barring entry to others en route. The United States and other countries could easily set up and pay for an efficient but humane screening program to alleviate the spy fear.

It is often reported in dispatches from Malaysia, Hong Kong, and elsewhere that the refugees include a large "bad element" of drug peddlers, smugglers, pimps and prostitutes, etc. (The Japanese emphasize this point in refusing to take any of them.) And the traffic itself, we are informed, is organized by unscrupulous profiteers. During the Holocaust in Europe, the British had similar doubts about the character of those seeking to escape. Patrick Reilly of the Foreign Office felt that many of the Jews fleeing Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia were leaving "prematurely in panic." Why? "Some are definitely criminals. . . ." After the *Anschluss* of Austria, Foreign Office officials expressed particular concern about the sinister influence of "Jewish psychiatrists" among the refugees. The British never tired of charging that the illegal traffic was being run by "profiteers," under the watchful eye of the Gestapo. The Colonial Office prepared an official note for public relations use in America describing the refugee influx as a "dirty, sordid, crooked business." The noted historian Sir Lewis Namier, working as a Zionist official, complained to the Colonial Office that typhus had broken out among the passengers on a refugee ship that had been detained in Haifa, pending deportation of the illegals to Mauritius. Namier was told that the epidemic was just one more indication of the "unscrupulous nature of these who organized the nefarious traffic . . . and subjected the refugees to overcrowded, unsanitary conditions."

Desperate circumstances are heaven-sent for profiteers. But this fact in no way diminished the crying need of the refugees for shelter. The discovery that some ethnic Chinese ship captains are being paid huge sums to take boatloads of refugees out of Vietnam hardly justifies turning the boats away. Evidently arresting a few ship captains, and charging them with having cruelly plundered their unfortunate passengers, makes the ultimate cruelty of denying those very passengers refuge a bit more palatable.

Some Southeast Asian countries remind the West that Vietnam itself is profiting from the enforced emigration: Hanoi robs the refugees of nearly all their property and the Vietnamese government is relieved of the economic burden of providing for more than a million people. Considering the traditional role of the Chinese in Vietnam's economy, the logic is questionable, although it is probably true that in the new Socialist order Hanoi sees these people as no more than a million unproductive mouths to feed. But what is the point? Should opponents of the regime in Vietnam hesitate to relieve the country of this burden?

In 1939, Chaim Weizmann asked the British to grant Palestine immigration certificates to 20,000 Jewish children in Nazi-occupied Poland. The minutes of a meeting of concerned officials in London reveal the British thinking: "However brutal it might sound, to remove 20,000 children from Poland at this time would *pro tanto* simplify the German economic problem." The request was denied. It soon became apparent that the Germans had their own way of dealing with this

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"economic problem." The recent example of Cambodia indicates that similar methods are not alien to Indochina.

The analogy to the Holocaust is not perfect. But the points of similarity ought to be discomfiting. This raises another question. What is the purpose of calling on Hanoi to halt the flow? The foreign ministers of Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippines, and Indonesia did this last month. President Carter and Prime Minister Thatcher have declared their intention to try to convince the Soviet Union to intercede with Vietnam to curtail the traffic at its source. United Nations Secretary General Kurt Waldheim told an international conference on the refugee problem in Geneva last week that Hanoi has promised him "that for a reasonable period of time it will make every effort to stop illegal departures." But is persuading Hanoi to end the emigration a worthy goal?

In 1935, after two years of boycotts and random violence, the Nuremberg Laws were enacted in Nazi Germany. As the 1930s progressed, and particularly after the failure of the Evian Conference in 1938, it became clear that the world was divided, as Weizmann had said, between countries in which Jews were not permitted to live and countries which Jews were not permitted to enter. The Nazis drew their own conclusions, having had six years to observe that they had a free hand.

Vietnam has produced its own version of the Nuremberg Laws for ethnic Chinese. Ethnic Chinese have been dismissed from government employment and forbidden to work in 15 specified occupations. They are forbidden to conduct private business. They are prohibited from associating with other Vietnamese. Their schools have been closed and their children are not allowed to attend other schools or to learn a trade. Many ethnic Chinese have been forcibly deported to the New Economic Zone, where they live and toil in conditions of hardship and deprivation. Harassment of ethnic Chinese in the form of arrest and incarceration without charge, and organized looting, is sanctioned by the state. Ethnic Chinese must register as such with the authorities.

Those who think it a humane notion to persuade Vietnam to halt the flow—telling Hanoi, presumably, that there is simply no place to put these people—ought to think again.

Certainly the Soviet Union should be held answerable for the behavior of its client. Certainly the United Nations, which spends most of its waking hours considering the fate of Palestinian refugees not in any immediate danger, has displayed a curious lack of interest in boat people presently drowning by the shipload. But these commonplaces of today's world don't help decide what to do about the crisis.

The past provides a few guidelines. There is no time for protracted debate at endless conferences. Coordinated action is required immediately. Vietnam must not be asked to do anything except to ensure an orderly exodus to set destinations. (Perhaps later Hanoi and the Soviets can be asked to foot part of the resettlement bill.) America, Britain, France, and other democratic nations should guarantee to provide refuge, not just for boat people who've already left Vietnam, or for imprecise categories of immigrants and refugees, but for *all* those fleeing racial and political persecution in Vietnam. The number will not be too large to handle. And it happens that the people involved will not likely impose any severe burdens on the countries affording them shelter. The Southeast Asian countries cannot be expected to provide permanent homes for hundreds of thousands of refugees. But they should be told not to deport any, to take in those who arrive, and, with the help of US and other ships, to rescue those in danger on the high seas. In short, the countries currently demanding that something be done—and threatening to do something themselves—should be assured that help is on the way.

One good look at the past ought to be enough to prevent the United States, and other nations professing to value decency, from being indecisive in the face of such human tragedy.

Eric Breindel

Eric Breindel is writing a book on allied policy toward refugees during the Nazi era.

On the Hill

Welfare Chrysler

Nineteen-seventy-eight was a prosperous year for the US auto industry. The number of vehicles sold was one of the highest in history, and the booming sales meant healthy profits. General Motors, the biggest of the big three, reported a $3.5 billion profit for the year; Ford netted $1.6 billion. And then there was Chrysler. Last year was only the latest and the worst in a string of bad years for the third largest car maker: it lost $205 million and its share of the domestic car market shrank to 12.5 percent, down from 20 percent in the halcyon days of the mid-1960s. Since the 1975 departure of chairman Lynn Townsend, who might be seen as the principal architect of Chrysler's present troubles, the company has maneuvered desperately to avert disaster. It has sold off several non-automotive divisions and most of its overseas car operations in order to raise money to finance its losses and pay for some badly-needed capital investments. Last year Chrysler managed to raise $800 million—an impressive but ominous achievement. "The magnitude of Chrysler's operating losses and car-

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design spending program," says a recent report by a New York investment firm, "is suggested by the fact that this $800-million cash transfusion resulted in an increase during the year in net working capital of only $13 million."

It's hard to tell which is Chrysler's worst enemy—its competitors or itself. On one side Chrysler is pressed by the biggest corporation in America and the biggest auto maker in the world—General Motors. GM's share of the American market has grown roughly in correspondence with Chrysler's decline, rising from 52 percent in 1972 to 57.1 percent last year. (Ford's share barely changed during the same period, while that of American Motors has fallen from 3.3 to 1.9 percent.) GM has thrived because of the economies of scale in car making, its own efficient operation, and some shrewd decisions. It has the highest profit margins and the lowest unit costs of any US car maker, and it has coped skillfully with recent changes in the auto markets. Even before the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, GM saw that its future success depended on exploiting the growing market for smaller, more fuel-efficient cars, and began planning to "down-size" its entire fleet. The company was so healthy that the 1974-75 recession—the worst year for the auto industry since the Great Depression—didn't prevent the huge investment required to redesign all its cars. GM weathered the recession and came out with its first fleet of down-sized cars in the fall of 1976—two years ahead of its domestic rivals. Three months ago GM introduced its new "X-body" compacts, which have been a spectacular success. The new front-wheel drive models, which are intended to compete with subcompact imports, offer comparable mileage but more interior space and a lower price tag than many of the cheapest foreign cars, such as the Toyota Corolla and the Datsun 310.

Chrysler's mistakes and bad breaks serve almost as a mirror image of GM's masterstrokes. In the early 1970s, when GM and Ford were beginning to go after the subcompact market with the Vega and the Pinto, Chrysler decided to stick with big cars, traditionally the most profitable segment of the market. In fact Chrysler introduced a restyled line of full-sized cars practically on the eve of the embargo, and in the recession that followed suffered crippling losses. In 1975 the company lost $259 million, and it hasn't recovered yet. "They cut white-collar employment by a third, not only fat but also bone and muscle," says David Healy, a New York financial analyst. "They cut too many engineers and designers, and as a result each new line since has been late and plagued with problems." Chrysler also had to put off down-sizing its fleet, thus ceding that chunk of the market to GM. The company finally scored a coup in 1978 by introducing a front-wheel drive subcompact (called Omni by Dodge, Horizon by Plymouth) which *Motor Trend* magazine named "Car of the Year." The Omni/Horizon quickly became Chrysler's most successful new car ever—until *Consumer Reports* rated it "not acceptable" for safety reasons, the first time in 10 years it had given that rating to an American car. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration eventually cleared the car of any safety defects, but sales already had plummeted. (Now Omnis and Horizons are selling faster than Chrysler can make them, thanks in part to the gas shortage.) Last fall Chrysler suffered yet another self-inflicted wound when it introduced a new line of down-sized big cars, which suffered a number of production and delivery problems and went begging for buyers. In the first quarter of this year, Chrysler produced 58,000 more cars and trucks than it managed to sell.

The current recession, like all past economic declines, will hit the auto makers harder than most other industries, and will hit Chrysler harder than GM or Ford. David Healy estimates that Chrysler will lose $500 million or more in the downturn. Losing half a billion dollars will make it even harder for the company to cope with its other major problem, which is trying to meet federal pollution and fuel-economy standards. Redesigning Chrysler's cars to meet government standards will probably cost $3.8 billion by 1985. For the auto industry as a whole, capital spending is likely to be more than twice as high between 1978 and 1985 as it was between 1970 and 1977. Chrysler can ill afford to borrow to finance these investments because it already has $1.2 billion in debts.

To extricate itself from its predicament, Chrysler has come knocking on the government's door for help. Like the other American car makers, Chrysler wants the Department of Transportation to lower the fuel economy standards, which require each company's cars to average at least 27.5 miles per gallon by 1985. Failing that, it would like the standards to be raised by an equal increment each year. The current standards are "front-loaded"—they increase by greater increments in 1981 and 1982 than in the following three years, meaning that the biggest improvements have to be made sooner rather than later. So far DOT has refused to go along, but this could change with the firing of Secretary Brock Adams, whose steadfastness on the mileage standards was a reported source of friction with the White House.

Besides requesting a postponement of the fuel-economy rules, Chrysler has suggested a Lockheed-style federal loan guarantee. It has even applied for a $50-million loan guarantee from the Farmers Home Administration to expand a plant in Kokomo, Indiana. (The "farm" loans are open to any business operating in a rural community of less than 25,000 people.) But the central planks in its plan to ward off bankruptcy are two. First Chrysler has requested, in a confidential memorandum circulated on Capitol Hill, that "any automobile manufacturer holding less than 12 percent of the US car market" (Chrysler falls into that category this year) be allowed to delay for one or two years the pollution standards that are supposed to be applied

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beginning in 1981 and 1982. This would permit Chrysler to put off buying the expensive three-way catalytic converters needed to meet the standards, and according to the confidential memo, would increase Chrysler's available cash by more than $600 million over the next three years. (Chrysler hasn't been able to refine its own equipment to meet the standards and finally had to buy the converters from GM, but says it will take two years to adapt them to Chrysler cars.) Second, Chrysler wants a change in the tax law so that the government would refund it part of the cost of new equipment and research in years when it loses money. Profit-making companies can deduct these costs from their taxable income. Corporations in the red must wait until they are making money again to deduct their losses against. In effect, Chrysler is proposing a negative income tax for corporations. Chrysler's memo says this tax break would save it $150 million this year.

Chrysler's lobbying efforts already have stimulated some legislative maneuvering on the Hill. Working most closely with Chrysler are senators Don Riegle of Michigan and Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, both of whom are worried about the jobs their states would lose if Chrysler folds. (The company says a total of 500,000 jobs depend directly or indirectly on its survival.) Chrysler is counting on fear of the economic impact of its demise to induce Congress to help out. But Congress doesn't seem likely to relax fuel standards while the nation is still caught in a gasoline shortage. Senator Edmund Muskie, author of the Clean Air Act, already has promised to fight the proposed two-year emissions delay, and he's not likely to agree to the one-year compromise either.

GM and Ford are likely to oppose granting Chrysler any special treatment on the emission and mileage standards. GM, however, would probably not object to the tax relief requested by Chrysler, since the collapse of a domestic competitor might make the biggest auto maker more vulnerable to antitrust action. (The Federal Trade Commission has already begun an antitrust investigation of the US auto industry. But the FTC enjoys no enthusiastic support in Congress, and GM is lobbying to get Congress to quash the investigation.) If Chrysler gets anything, it most likely will be the tax relief. That kind of help has several precedents, and it would look less like a corporate welfare scheme than any of the other options, though in fact it would be exactly that. Chrysler also is lobbying the Carter Treasury Department, which won't decide until the fall whether to support the bail-out.

Not many people expect Chrysler to follow Packard into bankruptcy, at least in the near future, but most industry experts see a good chance that it will cut back sharply on passenger car production and concentrate its resources on light trucks, vans, and a few small cars. One reason for optimism is the arrival last fall of former Ford president Lee Iacocca, the mastermind of the Mustang, who shook up the industry in March by firing Chrysler's advertising firms and hiring Ford's own. But the long-run outlook remains gloomy. Each of the last four economic downturns has left Chrysler weaker than before, and the current one could leave it mortally wounded. A financial analyst, asked if Chrysler will still be around in anything like its present form five years from now, replied, "I'd bet it would. But I wouldn't bet any of *my* money."

Stephen Chapman

They have decided that subtlety is wasted on the United States.

The Saudi Oil Offensive

by Morton Kondracke

President Carter, peacemaker Robert Strauss, and other officials of the US government all deny it, but Saudi Arabia expects political repayment for its recent decision to increase oil production by one million barrels per day. The Saudis already have achieved one political result, derailing White House aide Stuart Eizenstat's proposal to make OPEC the "real enemy" in Carter's energy "war." But the Saudis want more for the big favor they've done Carter. They want "progress" toward resolution of the Palestinian issue in the Middle East. Specifically they want an announcement that the United States will negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization. This would violate a US pledge to Israel and create a political firestorm for Carter as he enters an election year. But the Saudis evidently calculate that their oil now is as potent a

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political instrument in America as Israel's traditional support among Jews and other voters. My guess is that they are wrong, and that the United States—unlike Europe and Japan—will continue to put Israel ahead of oil. But the best course for President Carter is to submit to neither Saudi nor Israeli pressure. He should pursue what's in America's national interest—namely, a just peace for both Israel and the Palestinians—and try to get our Saudi and Israeli allies to follow.

One can't really blame the Saudi princes for using their oil as a political instrument. They fear for their survival because of the way things are going in the Middle East. They are afraid the Persian Gulf is the target of a Soviet pincer movement. They are worried that the United States is unwilling or unable to protect them, much as it failed to protect the shah of Iran. They are scared of more powerful Arab states, chiefly Iraq, and of the 400,000 Palestinians living and working in the Gulf area. They fear that the peace agreement between Egypt, Israel, and the United States, if it leads to no wider settlement, will send radical forces surging through the Middle East.

Against these dangers, the Saudis have few of the tools of national power that other countries enjoy. They do have money, which they use to pay tribute (or extortion) to the radicals. They employ diplomacy to nuzzle themselves somewhere near the middle of the Arab consensus—which, at the moment, is fiercely hostile to Egypt and Israel. But Saudi Arabia has too few people and too small an army to defend its vast terrain and oil treasure. It needs a powerful friend to protect it, and traditionally that friend has been the United States. If Saudi Arabia thought itself stronger it might follow Anwar Sadat's example and organize a diplomatic "peace offensive" against Israel on behalf of the Palestinians. Instead, it is resorting to a more comfortable tactic: an oil offensive against the United States.

Not since the 1973 oil embargo has Saudi oil policy been so nakedly political. In the intervening years, the Saudis have been so subtle in using the oil instrument that their supporters have been able to say that oil policy and foreign policy were not connected—that oil decisions were based on economic considerations alone. But that never was true. The Saudis have tried to use petroleum and petrodollars to weave a tough fabric of ties between themselves and the United States, described in good times as "a special relationship" and more frequently as "interdependence."

The Saudis reinvest their oil earnings in the West. They buy low-interest US Treasury notes, and make special purchases when the dollar is droopy. They denominate oil prices in dollars, which helps maintain American prestige. They need to produce roughly five million barrels of oil a day to meet their development needs and keep their oil wells from flooding with water, but they have been averaging 8.5 million barrels a day. Most of the time, they have been acting within OPEC to moderate price increases. In return for these "favors," the Saudis have expected protection from the United States, both military and political. But after Iran and the Camp David settlement, the Saudis have gotten the impression that subtlety does not work in US-Saudi relations.

During the Iran crisis, when production in that country fell from six million barrels a day almost to zero, the Saudis stepped up production practically to their full capacity of 10.5 million. But this April, after the United States had refused to provide a haven for the shah and had presided over the Egypt-Israel agreement, the Saudis cut back to 8.5 million, leaving the world still about two million barrels a day short of normal oil supplies.

This June, as gas lines began forming in the US and President Carter's poll ratings nose-dived, the Saudis began playing carrot-and-stick with the United States. On June 15, Crown Prince Fahd told *Washington Star* columnist Cord Meyer (former CIA London station chief) that Saudi Arabia would increase production to 9.5 million. A few days later, the *Middle East Economic Survey* contained a report to the same effect. But on June 22, in an interview with Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, Fahd said there would be no increase. The predictable result occurred: at the OPEC meeting June 26 and 27 at Geneva, price hawks Iraq and Iran sent the top price for crude shooting up to $23.50, while the Saudis won credit for moderation by holding their price down to $18.

The OPEC price hike led to nasty anti-Arab cartoons, to a presidential denunciation from the economic summit in Tokyo and to Stuart Eizenstat's memo advising Carter to build his energy policies around battling the OPEC "enemy." But then, on July 3, Saudi Arabia came on like a cavalry charge to the rescue, promising to increase production after all. The White House practically gushed in gratitude on July 9, announcing the president had received "a personal commitment" from Fahd to increase production, for which "the President has expressed the appreciation of the American people."

But unlike previous Saudi oil decisions, this one is a quid with a very specific quo. Fahd's personal message to Carter was conveyed to Robert Strauss, who has nothing directly to do with oil policy, but is Carter's special Mideast peace negotiator. In an interview with

Summer Schedule

This is a combined issue. *TNR* will not publish next week (August 11).

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Newsweek, oil minister Yamani declared that "the Israelis are looking for pretexts to avoid facing the inevitability of a Palestinian homeland and withdrawal from the West Bank. The Palestinians are growing ever more desperate." He said he wouldn't be surprised if Palestinian terrorists blew up an oil tanker or two in the Straits of Hormuz "to force the world to do something about their plight and Israel's obstinacy." Yamani said, "either the US can compel Israel to implement UN Resolution 242 and withdraw to the pre-June 1967 borders—or it can't. If it can't, then you must be prepared to face the consequences."

There have been reports that the Saudi production fell off because of technical difficulties in the oil fields, and that the recent increase was due to a sudden need for cash. Neither set of stories has been confirmed, but it makes little difference. The Saudis have still used these changes for political ends, whether or not their motivation was exclusively political. It appears the Saudis do have serious long-run technical problems with their wells which will prevent them from pushing production over 10.5 million barrels a day without huge new investment. These problems have important implications for the future—if the Saudis simply *can't* produce, their political leverage is diminished. But this is of small comfort to us immediately.

A Palestinian state and Israeli withdrawal to its 1967 borders are the ultimate aims of the Saudi oil offensive. But they apparently are not the immediate aim. In any case this would be too much to expect in return for a mere one million barrels a day of increased production over a three month period. Apparently, what the Saudis want immediately—or so their friends in Washington say—is a US decision to negotiate with the PLO. If the US began publicly acknowledged talks, this presumably would win continued Saudi cooperation on oil production. If the US refuses, the Saudis will cut back production and hold it down when oil supplies get tight again.

The Saudi proposition strikes many Americans as blackmail. It certainly is a high-pressure tactic, but subtler means have not worked on the US the way they obviously have, long since, on Europe and Japan. Those countries required no implied threats or applications of carrots and sticks to accommodate their foreign policies to their economic interests. They are used to making such accommodations in ways that Americans traditionally aren't. The US customarily uses foreign economic policy—when we think much about it at all—to support its foreign policy, not the reverse. The Marshall Plan was invented to save Europe from communism, and we formerly tailored foreign aid programs to win votes in the United Nations. Europe and Japan, in what strikes us as craven abandonment of principle, have skewed their foreign policies almost completely to suit the Arabs. Our NATO allies refused landing rights to US planes on their way to resupply Israel during the 1973 war. Japan, which is almost totally dependent on Arab oil, was the only big power that did not oppose the 1975 UN resolution condemning Zionism as a form of racism. It abstained. Japan has not cut off aid to Egypt, but the Japanese repeatedly have put off a visit by President Sadat.

Now the squeeze is on the United States. Having convinced Congress last year that the US-Saudi "special relationship" required us to sell them F-15 fighter-bombers, the Saudis apparently now think they can use oil production as a lever to win tacit US recognition of the PLO. This would violate a 1975 pledge to Israel by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and would enrage supporters of Israel in the US. But the Saudis evidently think that since they beat the Israeli lobby once before in the Senate, they can do it again.

The Carter administration has opposed negotiating with the PLO unless it agrees to recognize Israel's right to exist in peace and security. Evidently the administration hopes to convince the PLO, either in secret direct talks or through intermediaries, to implicitly recognize Israel's right to exist by announcing support for UN Resolution 242 or some similar document. Israel, meanwhile, is using instruments at its command—namely, US-supplied warplanes over Lebanon—to repel the PLO from any such concessions. If the PLO, despite Israeli bombing raids, were to accept a 242-style resolution, negotiations with the US might follow.

Then there would be a political battle royal in the US between Israel and the Saudis. Israel would use its persuasive influence with American Jews and other supporters to threaten the administration and its backers with political extinction. The Saudis, lacking comparable political power, would use the prospect of renewed gas shortages as an opposing weapon. In the end, I think, the Israelis would win. The PLO is a far more emotionally charged issue than F-15s were. With a recession coming on—caused, not incidentally, by OPEC—demand for oil will be down and Saudi leverage will be diminished. And, as Americans showed during the recent gas shortage, there is not much popular affection for oil Arabs in the US, and virtually no tendency to blame oil troubles on Israel.

So I think the Saudis will lose in their attempt to force US concessions toward the PLO, but the Carter administration should do all it can to avoid a donnybrook. The US should use our leverage with Israel to get Israel to stop its bombing raids and to offer meaningful autonomy to the Palestinians in the West Bank. Meanwhile, the US should use our influence with the Saudis to get them off their oil offensive and onto a peace offensive. If the Saudis, Jordanians, and Palestinians demonstrate willingness to accept Israel as Anwar Sadat did, that will accomplish more to secure stability for the Middle East, including Saudi Arabia, than threats to cut off oil and wreck the American economy.

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The Rosenberg Letters

We have been flooded with mail about "The Hidden Rosenberg Case" by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh and the accompanying editorial ("The Truth, After 26 Years") in The New Republic *of June 23. What follows are responses from those directly involved, plus a few comments from interested readers. We thank the many other readers who took the time and trouble to write in. Copies of the June 23 issue are available for $1.50 each ($1.00 each for 10 or more), prepaid, from these offices.*

Rosenberg Committee

You are amazing! Your June 23 article about the Rosenberg case concludes that the Rosenbergs were wrongfully executed; that Ethel Rosenberg was innocent; that Julius, while involved in post-war espionage, was not guilty of the crime for which he'd been given the death penalty—giving the secret of the A-bomb to the Russians. In effect, the real crime of the century was perpetrated, not by the Rosenbergs, but by the prosecution and the US government in going through with the executions, using Ethel Rosenberg as a hostage in its failed attempt to make Julius "talk." Yet the bulk of your editorial is devoted to condemnation, not of the perpetrators of the crime of the century, but of the Rosenberg defense committees.

That is grievously unfair. Firstly, the Rosenberg committees have repeatedly called for further study and review of the case, so that the whole truth might be established. The original Rosenberg committee, the Committee To Secure Justice In The Rosenberg Case, encompassed those who considered the Rosenbergs innocent, those who had doubts about the case, and those who felt, guilty or innocent, that the executions were wrong. It should be remembered that the original clemency campaign included leading statesmen from all over the world, the president of France, several of her ex-premiers, Pope Pius XII, Albert Einstein, Martin Buber, Bertrand Russell, Reinhold Niebuhr, and untold millions. . . .

Your accusations are even more unfairly directed against the current National Committee To Reopen The Rosenberg Case. Our objective is to establish the full truth and to let the chips fall where they may. That is why we helped finance the lawsuit of the Rosenbergs' sons, Michael and Robert Meeropol, calling for the release of all the files, opening the files to all. The Meeropols have devoted themselves unsparingly to this effort to open all the files.

We have always known what your writers have just indicated, that justice was not done. That is why we persisted in our demand for opening the files and for reopening the case. Your article confirms that we were right in unceasingly calling for reexamination. We want nothing withheld, nothing at all. We are convinced that the release of all the files will establish the innocence of all the defendants, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell. They will show how the public (and even your authors) were tricked into confusing "underground" political activity with espionage, during that trying period of McCarthyism and the war in Korea. The files will prove the government's awareness that hundreds of political activists—not spies—Communists, Trotskyists, War Resisters, Pacifists, and assorted radicals went underground or went south to Mexico, to keep out of the war in Korea, to avoid threatened internment camps for dissenters (as provided in the McCarran Act), to escape the Un-American Activities committees which had cost many ruined lives, to avoid the perjury sentences which faced people like Carl Marzani and others who had signed non-Communist affidavits and who feared that their activities in so-called "front" organizations like the American-Soviet Friendship Committee might be used against them.

We of the succeeding Rosenberg and Sobell Committees have always recognized the struggle for vindication as an effort to restore basic civil liberties and to protect freedom of speech and thought and association. We recognized the purposes of the trial and the outrageous sentences as a direct attack upon such freedoms, in the McCarthyite attempt to establish the formula, "Dissenter Equals Communist Equals Spy." We saw it in the trial, as Judge Kaufman and the higher courts permitted questioning about the defendants' thoughts regarding communism and friendship for the Soviet Union under the theory that this might establish "motive for espionage." Judge Kaufman spelled it out in the course of sentencing when he said, " . . . this case indicates quite clearly that it also involves the employment by the enemy of the secret *as well as the overt outspoken forces among our own people.*" In other words, outspoken forces are suspect. Those who remember the history of the 1950s will remember that the public did take heed; they will remember the silent generation and the stilled voices of dissent. . . .

If Stern and Radosh wish to regard "mysterious" disappearances of some of Rosenberg's activist friends as "proof of Rosenberg espionage," instead of proof of FBI and McCarthyite harassment, they do so at jeopardy to their own credibility. We do not assume that the Soviet Union has no spies, but common sense tells us that the last place they would use for spies would be the ranks of the Communist party. It was no secret that the FBI had saturated the Communist movement for years with its agents and informants. The Soviets, or any government, would want their spies to be beyond reproach or suspicion, to have access to official secrets, not to be outspoken dissenters, always watched and tailed by the FBI. With its saturation of the Communist party and other leftist organizations, the FBI has yet to come up with a single spy from these movements. That should tell your writers something. . . .

Stern and Radosh assumed Julius's guilt of heading a post-war spy ring, not on the basis of the evidence presented at the trial, but on the basis of subsequent factors, and therein lay their first error and unfairness. They must recall and agree with the circuit court's statement that if the Greenglass testimony be disregarded, the convictions could not stand. (That court felt that it lacked the authority to consider the question of credibility, holding that in the federal judicial system credibility was a matter for the jury alone to determine.) But Stern and Radosh have significantly added to the body of evidence proving the Greenglass testimony as false. Their assumption of Julius's guilt must therefore be based on factors outside the trial record.

In a healthy society, guilt is determined after one has had an opportunity to be confronted with the evidence. The FBI had hundreds of agents working feverishly around the clock during the nine months between Julius's arrest and trial, in an effort to make a credible case,

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and the authors know that it did not succeed, except for the hysteria of the times. Stern and Radosh pointed out that there might well be an innocent explanation for matters which led to their conclusion about Julius, but they say the Rosenberg defenders have offered none. But it was the government's behavior which stole the Rosenbergs' lives, denying them any opportunity of confrontation. Does the government's crime in the electrocutions entitle it to a reward, the presumption of guilt without confrontation?

In fairness, the authors should reconsider and retract their "finding" of Julius's guilt. They should be suspicious of the FBI's insistence upon withholding the bulk of their files on the case, about their rush to destroy the remaining files, as they have destroyed significant files in the past.

Despite the foregoing, I believe that Stern and Radosh have contributed greatly to public awareness of the government's role in this crime of the century, and they are entitled to public commendation and gratitude.

Aaron Katz
National Committee To Reopen
The Rosenberg Case
New York, New York

Roy M. Cohn

. . . . While a very young federal attorney under President Truman's attorney general, J. Howard McGrath, and not long after I emerged from Columbia Law School, I was a prosecutor in the Rosenberg atom-spy trial. I have experienced much since those days, including being myself three times a successful defendant in criminal cases—two of my trials were held in the same courtroom in which the Rosenbergs were tried. Obviously, my outlook changed. . . . But not for one moment have I had a doubt about the Rosenbergs' guilt—and I have none now.

Your editorial is recklessly unfair to the trial judge, Irving R. Kaufman, now the highly respected chief judge of the Federal Court of Appeals in New York, and one of the most constructive and progressive legal voices in the country. You say the judge was "in regular contact . . . " "with the prosecution staff during the trial." This is blatantly false. I was the only one on the prosecution staff who could theoretically have had such contact, and I state flatly there was none. Who do you cite as your source for this misstatement? That worn-out and pathetic left-wing apologist, Vern Countryman, writing guess where—in *TNR*.

Your next assault is that the judge "apparently" told the prosecution staff that he would impose a death sentence, even before the verdict. Nonsense. I have reviewed all the gossip and speculation on the subject, including the FBI memorandums quoting double and triple hearsay. Their totality is unsupported speculation—and since I am one of those quoted, I know that no such confidence was ever shared. On sentence, of course, judges with perfect propriety accept information from all sources. Indeed, a new federal statute requires judges to consider outside hearsay evidence at time of sentence. I consider this to be outrageous—law or no law. And it never happened in the Rosenberg case. The government made no recommendation.

As to the death sentence, its imposition was, of course, specifically authorized by statute. At that very time, hundreds of people were under death sentence for crimes against individuals. So are there this very day. Why not for a crime that struck at the nation's very ability to protect the free world? *The New Republic* excuse that another member of the atom-spy ring, Dr. Klaus Fuchs, who has confessed and served a lengthy jail sentence, drew better sketches of the bomb than Greenglass when they were falling over each other stealing atom secrets at Los Alamos is so flimsy as to be undeserving of reply.

How can *TNR* claim an objective appraisal of the trial and its conduct when it omits the following facts? 1. After the trial was over, Emanuel Bloch, the attorney for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, thanked Judge Kaufman for his fairness; and 2. The opinion affirming the conviction of both Rosenbergs was written for the higher court by one of the country's leading liberal jurists, Judge Jerome N. Frank, who was one of the progenitors of FDR's New Deal. Judge Frank wrote that because of the death sentence, the court had reviewed the record "with a fine tooth comb."

A word about the Stern-Radosh article. . . . To their credit, Stern and Radosh played it down the middle. They talked with both sides—including me. While their conclusion that Julius Rosenberg was overwhelmingly guilty of being at the hub of a Communist espionage ring is inevitable, they did something more important. They actually traced other members of the Rosenberg spy ring who escaped to the Iron Curtain via Mexico. . . . They told the story of some persons associated with Rosenberg who did not escape. . . . This is an important part of the history of the case and the wide extent of the spy ring. . . .

But after this sound contribution, Stern and Radosh throw the other side a bone by questioning the evidence against Ethel Rosenberg, and alleging that she was included solely as "leverage" to force Julius to open up concerning the full parameters of the espionage ring. I deny this. She was included because she was guilty. The authors' problem here arises from their lack of practical knowledge of criminal law. Thus, they offer unimpressive support for their conclusion about Ethel. First, they cite a memorandum prepared by someone in the Justice Department, which contained an apparent multitude of questions to be asked of Julius, one of which was: "Was your wife cognizant of your activities?" They argue from this that whoever wrote the memorandum must have had a doubt. Well, obviously, these questions were never asked or answered—and therefore, prove exactly zero. . . .

They next argue the Greenglass motive to help himself and his wife—and breast-beat the allegation that his original statement was exculpatory of his sister, whereas when he took the stand, it was inculpatory. Once again, of course, in the case of a key witness relating a complicated set of events covering a decade, there are going to be variations and clarifications. If there were not, we would be accused of having Greenglass rehearsed and brain-washed to tell a pat story—without any variation—a defiance of human nature. In any event, the question of credibility—that's what this is—was fully argued to the jury. They were told Greenglass was saving his own neck, as well as his wife's. In fact, the jury didn't know that, far from walking away free, Greenglass was later to receive a 15-year prison sentence from Judge Kaufman. Even without the knowledge, the jury flatly and unanimously rejected this Greenglass "motive" argument now being resuscitated by Stern and Radosh.

As to the "leverage" against Julius point, if my memory serves me, that too was raised some 25 years ago, at a formal court hearing, not before Judge Kaufman, but before Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard. The context was that of the Rosenbergs being kept at the death cell in Sing Sing under circumstances

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designed to break Julius. Judge Goddard, after hearing evidence, rejected this. So where is the stunning new evidence that commands half of a *TNR* cover about Ethel? . . .

Roy M. Cohn
New York, New York

Walter and Miriam Schneir

In 1951 the US government tried and convicted Ethel and Julius Rosenberg for conspiracy to commit espionage during wartime. Acknowledging that many Americans no longer believe in the guilt of the Rosenbergs, Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh (*TNR*, June 23) set out to retry Julius Rosenberg as mastermind of a postwar Soviet spy ring.

Claiming that the story of this "'other' spy ring" has never before been told, they characterize our treatment of it in *Invitation to an Inquest* (1965; Penguin 1973) as an "attempt to debunk the FBI's search for a wider spy network." This is a distortion of our methodology. *Invitation to an Inquest* contains a 25-page chapter entitled "In Search of a Spy Ring" for which we conducted interviews, searched public sources, requested additional data from the Department of Justice and former attorney general Brownell, obtained the perjury trial transcript of William Perl, and reported for the first time the circumstances surrounding the departure of Alfred Sarant and Carol Dayton for Mexico and of Joel Barr for Western Europe. We published everything of any relevance that we learned—whether it tended to support or "debunk" the government theory.

Moreover, *The New Republic* article contains several errors with respect to our book. It states that "the Schneirs' last reference to Joel Barr is his trip to Europe in 1948. As far as anyone reading the revised 1973 edition of their book might know, Joel Barr is still in Paris studying music. . . . [and] Sarant and Dayton are still living in Mexico." Not so. We reported (p. 297) the assertion, attributed to the Department of Justice in 1957, that Joel Barr and Alfred Sarant "have now disappeared behind the Iron Curtain." We never mentioned Paris in connection with Barr. The 1973 edition of our book was not revised. We did not say that Sarant and Dayton fled the US but, on the contrary, pointed out that they had not left the country until four weeks after Sarant first was questioned by the FBI.

These inaccuracies are illustrative of the many of which Stern and Radosh are guilty in their eagerness to reconvict Julius Rosenberg. What *TNR* calls "a careful and disinterested work" uses the FBI files and other research material in ways that violate the canons of good journalism, let alone history. A few examples:

S&R: "While Rosenberg was at the Federal House of Detention in lower Manhattan awaiting trial, he struck up a friendship with a young inmate named Jerome Eugene Tartakow, who was serving a two-year sentence for interstate auto theft. . . . Jerry Tartakow was not your ordinary con. His background was quite similar to Rosenberg's. . . . "

Fact: Tartakow, 27, volunteered to the FBI to provide information on Rosenberg in exchange for parole. Tartakow's background at the time Rosenberg met him in 1950 included convictions for white slavery (pimping) and for armed robberies, for which he had served terms. In the years following the Rosenberg trial, Tartakow was acquitted on several charges, including the accusation in 1955 that he had kidnapped and sexually molested an 11-year-old girl. (See *New York News*, June 26, 1955).

S&R: "It is true that when Tartakow first offered the FBI information about Rosenberg in December 1950, the FBI did officially characterize him as an 'informant of unknown reliability.' But after a few months, as the information Tartakow was bringing checked out, FBI agents changed their minds."

Fact: On November 19, 1951 (nearly a year after he began informing) Tartakow was referred to by the special agent in charge of the New York office of the FBI in a memorandum to Director J. Edgar Hoover as an informant "of unknown reliability." On November 5, 1956 a top-level Department of Justice internal memorandum also referred to Tartakow as an "informant of unknown reliability," and added the following telling appraisal: "While certain of the information furnished by Tartakow has been corroborated to some extent, the majority has not."

It's too bad that Stern and Radosh didn't choose to entertain *TNR* readers with some of the zanier hoaxes perpetrated by Tartakow on the FBI. For example, on January 6, 1951 Tartakow delivered to the FBI what he said was a sketch that Rosenberg had drawn "of the operational set-up of his espionage ring" and had then torn up and thrown in the toilet. The agents, who hoped to use it in the Rosenberg trial, rushed it off to the FBI lab. The files are strangely silent on its fate.

S&R: "It's hard to believe Julius Rosenberg really talked about these things in jail. But over 300 pages of FBI memos on reports from Tartakow contain details that could have come only from Rosenberg. . . . "

Fact: These details could have come from another source: the FBI itself. The Bureau's method of working with Tartakow was to provide him with information about people and activities in which they were interested. For example, on January 19, 1951 Hoover was notified by teletype that FBI agents had questioned Tartakow "regarding any knowledge on the part of Rosenberg" that a particular couple "had been contacted by the FBI." Tartakow "stated definitely that Rosenberg had no knowledge that this couple had been contacted. . . . "

Stern and Radosh make much of the specific details about James Weinstein related by Tartakow to the FBI. But what S&R don't disclose to the reader is that the files show that, beginning more than a year prior to Tartakow's account, the FBI had conducted an intensive investigation of Weinstein that included his mail, bank accounts, family background, automobile registration, and even his trash. Thus, the FBI was in a position to have supplied many or all of these details to Tartakow.

Stern and Radosh conclude their piece with the observation that the truth is "messy." In this instance, it would be more accurate to say that the truth has been messed over.

Miriam Schneir
Walter Schneir
Pleasantville, New York

Bonnie Brower

In the article, "The Hidden Rosenberg Case," by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh . . . the following appears on page 18: "A lawyer for the present Rosenberg committee, Bonnie Brower, mentioned to us that when Emanuel Bloch hired Tartakow as his driver, it was with Dennis's recommendation."

I state unequivocally that the information and statement maliciously attributed to me by the authors is an outrageous, bald-faced lie, concocted by them out of whole cloth. I have never "mentioned" or said anything to the authors about an alleged relationship or connection between Jerome Tartakow and Eugene Dennis, much less that Bloch hired Tartakow "with Dennis's

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recommendation." This is a subject about which I did not and do not have any information or knowledge. The authors' false attribution to me of such information was deliberately and maliciously used to bolster the credibility of Tartakow and his "information" which the authors know to be unsupported by the documents and totally unbelievable.

The implication in the sentence quoted above that I was either interviewed by or had discussions with the authors is likewise totally false and misleading. I have never met or spoken with Mr. Radosh in my life. The only time I met with Mr. Stern was on September 14, 1978 during his effort to interview my associate, Marshall Perlin, who requested my presence and that of Dr. Harold Fruchtbaum as witnesses because he distrusted Mr. Stern's credibility and integrity. His distrust has been more than justified and borne out by the totally false statement attributed to me, as well as the multitude of falsehoods, errors, innuendos, and distortions that riddle the article. . . .

Bonnie Brower
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

Junius Scales

In their Rosenberg article Radosh and Stern should not have cited me as an authority on the procedures followed by the Communist party when the Russians wished to recruit a member into their service.

They imply that the length of my Smith Act sentence (six years, not five, of which I served 15 months) was indicative of my importance as a party leader. My eminence in the party was never such that I would have known first-hand of such matters. I was primarily a regional leader and had no knowledge that the Russians even did such things—merely some vague and troubling suspicions. I believed the Rosenbergs to be innocent of the charges against them and, like most other Communists, I wept tears of rage and anguish at their unjust execution.

After leaving the party early in 1957, I have, of course, continued to examine the hair of the dog that bit me—especially the Russian influence on the American party. What I told the authors (which I believe to be true) was second-hand information given to me some years ago by people who had been in positions to know whereof they spoke. I thought that the authors understood it to be only hearsay evidence and that it would lead to further investigation and ultimate confirmation.

I hope that in their forthcoming book Radosh and Stern will seek authoritative documentation for this minor point.

Junius Scales
New York, New York

Eric Foner

I am not an expert on the Rosenberg case, but I do have considerable experience with the methods and standards of historical research. And judged by these standards and their own evidence and arguments, the article by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh on the Rosenberg case is totally unconvincing, a collection of sweeping generalizations based on hearsay, conjecture, and circumstantial and tainted evidence.

Despite the flamboyant language and claims of the article and accompanying editorial and cover ("Julius was a Spy"), certain facts need to be emphasized. First, the article offers no evidence whatsoever concerning the "crime" for which the Rosenbergs were executed—atomic spying during the Second World War. The only thing it proves conclusively is that David and Ruth Greenglass were totally unreliable witnesses, a fact which seriously undermines the already weak case of the government.

Second, the confident portrayal of Julius Rosenberg as "the hub of an espionage network" after the war is based on a series of inferences concerning the activities of Rosenberg's friends, activities like car rides, choice of roommates, and "disappearances" which are consistent with numerous other interpretations and explanations. The hard fact is that not a single act of espionage is mentioned in the entire article, nor do the authors even hint at the kind of espionage (atomic spying, military intelligence, etc.) Rosenberg was supposedly engaged in after the war.

Third, the authors rely heavily on the memos of Rosenberg's prison-mate and FBI informer Jerome Tartakow, to whom Rosenberg allegedly confessed his crimes. Yet every historian who has used the reports of such agents and informers (and I have used them myself in two published works) knows that they always blend accurate and specific minor details with a web of questionable allegations and spurious contentions, geared to the conclusions the informer thinks his employers want to reach. This is why competent prosecutors, like competent historians, take these "revelations" with a grain of salt, and are reluctant to introduce them in open court where they must stand the scrutiny of cross-examination. The authors write that the confirmation of their theories comes "from Julius Rosenberg himself." In reality, they derive from an FBI agent whose reports and allegations are open to serious question, and who was not put on the stand at the trial. No important assertion of Tartakow is confirmed by independent evidence in the article.

Thus, *The New Republic*'s editorial assertion that "The Truth" has now been told is hardly justified by the article. Nor is the editorial's suggestion that those who continue to maintain the Rosenbergs' innocence and those who condemn the trial and the cold war atmosphere within which it took place, are simply attempting to make heroes of the "dishonorable" Old Left. Such intellectual bullying is unworthy of *The New Republic*, just as the article itself is unworthy of the canons of historical scholarship.

Eric Foner
Professor of History
City University of New York
New York, New York

The smoking pistol

The most stunning, unbelievable, grotesque new piece of evidence in the Rosenberg case is the Fuchs diagram shown on page 24 of the June 23 issue. It is, to me, the smoking pistol.

With deadly conceptual and technical accuracy, the Fuchs diagram shows the array of spherical components of the bomb, and how its high-explosive outer layers are arranged to generate a spherically symmetric, inwardly converging detonation wave which, in turn, causes rapid compression of the uranium tamper and the plutonium within it. His diagram even contains specifics—deleted by the FBI—showing the progressively decreasing radius of the core.

The existence of the Fuchs diagram in the files of the FBI establishes conclusively, beyond any further argument or discussion, the following facts: J. Edgar Hoover consciously, deliberately, and willfully permitted an American jury, an American trial judge, many American appellate judges, the justices of the United States Supreme Court, courtrooms full of American lawyers, a

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country full of believing American citizens, two American presidents, the entire American press, and the rest of the world to believe that Julius Rosenberg gave the Russians the "secret of the atomic bomb." Hoover knew this was false. Hoover sat quietly while an American federal judge sentenced Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to die in the electric chair for giving a "secret" to the Russians, even though Hoover knew, as the Fuchs diagram conclusively establishes, that Fuchs had already conveyed the "secret" to the Russians in a technically accurate and immediately useful way. Hoover allowed three federal prosecutors to unwittingly present false testimony and false argument in a court of law, and he withheld evidence absolutely crucial for sentencing purposes from a federal trial judge. . . .

Everyone has known for years that Fuchs, by his own admission, gave the Russians a great deal of information, but it has not been possible, until now, to know with certainty whether Fuchs disclosed the idea of implosion as a method of detonating an atomic bomb. We now know. The Fuchs diagram is the smoking pistol of the Rosenberg case, and Hoover has been posthumously caught with the pistol in his sickening, maniacal hands. The man now emerges clearly as what he was: a killer and an American disgrace.

Aaron L. Meyers
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

Stern and Radosh

We take it as a sign of the times that of the two major conclusions in our article on the Rosenberg case—Julius was involved in a post-war espionage apparatus but Ethel was railroaded—the part about Julius has drawn the most critical fire. Our finding that Ethel was brought into the case as a hostage against her husband and then convicted on tainted evidence was widely reported in the media and remains virtually unanswered. Even the *National Review* conceded the point, calling it "not a judgement, perhaps, of which the government can be proud."

Now Roy Cohn bravely rushes into the breach, but his letter strikes us as perfunctory, as if his heart really isn't in it anymore. Why else would a lawyer of Mr. Cohn's talents resort at this stage of the game to such irrelevancies as Emanuel Bloch's praise of Judge Kaufman or Judge Frank's opinion upholding the convictions? Mr. Cohn, who was in the courtroom at the time, surely recalls that Manny Bloch, having put up practically no defense for his clients, was desperately grasping at straws to mitigate the expected harsh sentence—even if this meant buttering up the despised judge.

In any event, this and Judge Frank's 28-year-old decision prove exactly nothing as a counterweight to the specific charges in our article. Mr. Cohn offers no defense to our new evidence. His contention that the glaring contradictions in the Greenglass testimony are just natural "variations and clarifications" is a reprise of what he told us in an interview. As we told him at the time, the government's own files refute the contention that the Greenglasses, as he put it, "gradually disgorged" more and more information about Ethel.

What the FBI's record of interrogations and our own interview with the Greenglasses now show is the following:

1. David Greenglass originally told the FBI in a sworn statement that he passed the atomic bomb sketches and notes to Julius on a street corner. He stuck to this story during eight months in jail and under continuous interrogation. Then, 10 days before the opening of the trial, with the government desperately seeking to bolster its admittedly weak case against Ethel, David was called in for new interrogations and an entirely different story emerged—that the notes and sketches were turned over in the Rosenberg living room and Ethel typed them.

2. Ruth Greenglass, who certainly never showed any reluctance to involve Ethel, also never said a word to the FBI about turning over the atomic bomb material in the Rosenbergs' living room or of seeing Ethel do the typing. She too came up with the typing story 10 days before the trial. But Ruth now says she can't rmember the typing incident, that she really didn't recall it even during the interrogations before the trial.

Little surprise, then, that the FBI itself wondered about the extent of Ethel's involvement—a fact reflected in the question they were prepared to ask Julius at the death house: "Was your wife cognizant of your activities?" Mr. Cohn's response—that the question was never asked or answered—is something of a macabre joke. The question wasn't asked because the Rosenbergs went to their deaths.

On the justification of the death penalty offered by Mr. Cohn, and the significance of our revelations about the Fuchs sketch, we refer readers to the eloquent letter of Aaron Meyers. It says all that needs to be said about the meaning of the government's withholding of this crucial evidence.

We turn now to the issue causing all the furor—our contention that Julius Rosenberg was involved in a post-war espionage network. Several publications of the left have called us dirty names, such as "liberal social-democrats." The editors of *Seven Days* were so furious that they titled their assault, "The Rosenbergs Framed Again," apparently not noticing that we exonerated Ethel. Several respected left-wing academics have threatened to read one of us "out of the left" unless we retreat.

Bonnie Brower, a lawyer associated with one of the two organizations fighting to exonerate the Rosenbergs, either has a very short memory or is deliberately lying to cover up facts we weren't supposed to know or publish, and which she now finds too embarrassing to acknowledge. We are not in the habit of making up quotations. The facts are just as we reported them in our article. Both of us were present when Ms. Brower said what we attribute to her. At the same meeting, she gave us copies of two letters from her own files, including a letter from Jerome Tartakow to Emanuel Bloch in 1953. Perhaps that will jog her memory.

We readily accept Junius Scales's clarification that the information he gave us on how the Rosenbergs' *Daily Worker* subscriptions were canceled was "second-hand." Scales himself still believes the story to be true. In any event, the main purpose of our using the Scales anecdote was to illuminate the propaganda campaign in which the Rosenbergs were depicted as unaffiliated "progressives." We cited him as one of several ex-party members who now say the Rosenbergs were committed CP members who dropped out of the party.

The letter from Miriam and Walter Schneir begins by accusing us of "distorting" their "methodology," and then offers a recitation of all the work they did. We never suggested they didn't do a lot of work. In our one paragraph on the Schneirs' book, we made the single point that the 1973 edition (which contained a new forward and for which they were offered the opportunity of making revisions but declined), is less than honest in dealing with the disappearances of Barr, Sarant, and Carol Dayton. By 1973 the Schneirs knew that

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these people's relatives had not heard a word from them in 23 years, knew that Joel Barr had vanished in Europe in 1950, and knew that an "affair" could no longer explain Sarant and Dayton's vanishing—yet none of this is in their book.

The book's reference to a 1957 Justice Department claim that Barr and Sarant are "behind the Iron Curtain" was in the context of derisory and skeptical comments on this and other government assertions. Actually, given what was known about Barr's and Sarant's disappearances by 1973, the "Iron Curtain" *was* a reasonable guess as to their whereabouts. Yet none of this was conveyed to their readers.

The rest of the Schneirs' letter concerns Julius Rosenberg's jailhouse relationship with Jerome Tartakow. In quoting from our article, the Schneirs use elipses to delete everything essential to understanding the meaning of the passage. It is a description of what Tartakow had in common with Julius Rosenberg—his working-class parents, that he was Jewish and a former member of the YCL—all of which could account for their trusting relationship. We conceded that this was at first "hard to believe." We did not try to hide Tartakow's criminal record or suggest that he was a model citizen.

The Schneirs' revelation of Tartakow's two additional convictions (which we did not know about, but have since confirmed) is intended, we suppose, to embarrass us. But it is really a rebuke to other parties. Why don't the Schneirs use their investigative talents and very good contacts to find out why this man with such an awful criminal record was driving Manny Bloch and the Rosenberg children up to Sing Sing to visit the condemned couple?

The Schneirs throw in that Tartakow was "acquitted" on a child molesting "accusation." (Actually, charges were dropped before the case went to trial.) Clearly this is meant as a sly suggestion that despite the court's dismissal of the accusation there might really be something there. Is this an illustration of the "canons of good journalism" that the Schneirs have in mind?

The Schneirs are simply evading the question of Tartakow's credibility. There are many memos in the FBI files, written by agents in direct contact with Tartakow, which start off by referring to him as presumably "unreliable" because of his criminal record), but then go on to say that his information checks out. On April 3, 1951, for example, the special agent in charge of the New York office—the same man cited by the Schneirs—wrote a long detailed memo on Tartakow for J. Edgar Hoover, and summarized: "It is noted that although [Tartakow's] general background and past record indicate he is unreliable, all of the information furnished by him which the New York office has been able to verify, has proven accurate." Among this verifiable information was Tartakow's revelation that Rosenberg was worried that the Bureau would discover he and his family had passport photos taken. That tip led the FBI to find the passport photographer, who appeared the last day of the trial as a surprise witness.

The Schneirs also do not tell readers that in the same November 19, 1951, memo to Hoover they cite, Tartakow is credited for providing corroborated information on his trip to Sing Sing with Bloch and the children. Nor do they mention that the memo contains information from one of the prison guards that Tartakow was a "great friend" of Rosenberg's and was "trying to help [Rosenberg] in any way he can."

The Schneirs' final contention that the FBI was supplying Tartakow with information, rather than the other way around, is preposterous. The Schneirs have just finished telling us that Tartakow was so disreputable that even the FBI didn't trust him. Now they are proposing that top FBI agents spent hundreds of hours feeding him information which he then spilled right back to the FBI, and which the Bureau in turn stuffed into its own secret files. What would be the purpose of such an exercise? It could not have been to manufacture a corroborating witness, since the FBI promised Tartakow he would not have to be a witness, and in fact his connection to the case was undisclosed until 1975.

It is all absurd, of course. There is not a single shred of evidence to suggest the FBI was feeding information to Tartakow. The January 19 citation of the Schneirs shows the agents soliciting information—not giving it. In any event, the one thing the agents could never have fed Tartakow was the fact that Rosenberg had an association of any kind with James Weinstein's roommate, Max Finestone, because they didn't know anything about it. They had no reason to believe that Weinstein or Finestone had ever met Rosenberg.

Professor Foner keeps to the high road, laying down general admonitions about the proper use of informers' information, but never deals with the specifics of the Tartakow memos we cited. Foner's singular assertion that no revelation of Tartakow is confirmed independently in our article is simply wrong. The Tartakow memo we discuss in detail in the article is completely and independently confirmed by our interview with James Weinstein.

Contrary to Professor Foner, we did take the Tartakow memos initially with a "grain of salt," until we saw the memos that paralleled the story James Weinstein told us independently. We then learned that Tartakow had gone to work for Emanuel Bloch, and that Eugene Dennis had given him a recommendation. One of us met Tartakow briefly and found his account of how he became friends with Rosenberg and Dennis to be credible.

No one on the other side has presented any convincing argument to support their conclusion that the Tartakow memos are simply a "police suck," as John Wexley put it.

It is not exactly clear what Foner would have us do with the Tartakow material. Given his commitments on the Rosenberg case we suspect he would just throw it out. He may feel comfortable in that stance, but why pretend this has anything to do with the "canons of historical scholarship," when in fact it stems from a predetermined political position?

Foner's other generalized complaint is that we drew improper inferences from the evidence we accumulated about the disappearances of Barr and Sarant and from the other incidents of flight, the Weinstein story, etc. He suggests that these details are consistent with other interpretations, but since he doesn't offer any, we can't really argue the point. Since there is no room here to recreate the chain of reasoning and inferences that led us to the conclusion that espionage was going on, we can only suggest that interested readers go back and look at the original article.

On the subject of the "disappearances," Aaron Katz says that we were "tricked into confusing 'underground' political activity with espionage." Coming from the director of The National Committee To Reopen The Rosenberg Case, this statement is something of an event. For almost two decades the various Rosenberg defense committees wouldn't even concede that the Rosenbergs were members of the Communist party. Now it is hinted (and we hear this privately from other Rosen-

(continued on page 47)

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Views from the West

Joan Didion's new collection of articles *The White Album*, widely and well reviewed, now on best-seller lists, includes a piece called "In Hollywood." The first two-thirds of it consist of anecdotes about life and business in the film world; then she talks about my film criticism, adversely. Herewith some comments on her comments.

Her main ground, developed out of her insider's anecdotes, is that film critics don't really know how Hollywood works. (It's not her only complaint about me: she also doesn't like my prose.) Speaking of "what both Fellini and Truffaut have called the 'circus' aspect of making film," an atmosphere with which she says I am "temperamentally at odds," she says that my "idea of a nasty disclosure about the circus is to reveal that the aerialist is up there to get our attention."

This whets the appetite. Light is about to be shed. But what is the "nasty disclosure" from this expert who *is* in tune with the circus aspect? What's the undeluded truth from deep in the heart of Hollywood? Brace yourselves, fellow-yokels. Pictures, Didion reveals, are produced to make money! She quotes, from a review of mine, a remark that *Bullitt* may have had a "possible propagandistic motive: to show (particularly to the young) that law and order are not necessarily Dullsville." Didion sets this knowingly to rights: "The motive in *Bullitt* was to show that several million people would pay three dollars apiece to watch Steve McQueen drive fast. . . ."

After he recovers his breath, a critic, even an Easterner, even one who has never signed a "step" deal to write a screenplay, might gasp out that he had sort of assumed that. He also assumes that every film is made, every play produced, every novel published with the hope of making money; but this fact doesn't exclude the results from aesthetic judgment or an assay of cultural effect because these particular profit-seeking enterprises are done in media of art.

This would not weigh with Didion, however, at least as far as films are concerned. She says: "A finished picture defies all attempts to analyze what makes it work or not work: the responsibility for its every frame is clouded not only in the accidents and compromises of production but in the clauses of its financing." Yes, attributions by critics often do look odd to those who know the "backstage" story on any production. (See the piece called "Who Did It?" in my book *Persons of the Drama*.) But if you take the Didion dictum as law, you must not praise Sally Field for her acting in *Norma Rae* or Martin Ritt for his direction. It was "accident or compromise" that sustained Field when she jumped up on the table in that factory, that helped Ritt to help her performance and that forced him to shoot the reactions of the workers at their machines. You may not only *not* attribute any achievement to those two, you must understand that you can't do so because of 20th Century-Fox's arrangements with its banks.

For Didion, the basic impossibility of film criticism (as distinct in her mind, I assume, from other criticism) seems to derive from the big sums involved in film production. Through her wry anecdotes gleams an awe of the millions of dollars she is being ironical about. Over her remarks on film criticism hangs the perfume of the nouveau riche. She says: "Making judgments on films is in many ways so peculiarly vaporous an occupation that the only question is why, beyond the obvious opportunities for a few lecture fees and a little careerism at a dispiritingly self-limiting level, anyone does it in the first place." How redolent this is of the six-figure-income parvenu, looking downward. (Before she moved upward, Didion herself wrote film reviews. I guess that was "the first place.")

What's amusing is that she calls film criticism "dispiritingly self-limiting" right after her stories, in this very article, about the ethics, intellect, and character of her present environment. The reason that she accepts this environment is, obviously, money. So her label for the critical profession would more accurately read "financially self-limiting."

Beneath and beyond all this are some facts that Didion, hailed as a truth-teller for our time, leaves out. The reader of *The White Album* could not know that this Hollywood article first appeared—in the *New York Review of Books*, March 22, 1973—as a review of two books, one of them (*Figures of Light*) by me. My book had been published in 1971; why had she reached back two years to review it? Just possibly because I had lambasted two films on which she had collaborated, *The Panic in Needle Park* and *Play It As It Lays* (made from a novel of hers)—in *TNR*, June 26, 1971 and December 9, 1972. There is no law requiring the subject of a blasting review to love the blaster; there is perhaps an ethical need for the subject to declare a bias when reviewing the reviewer. In the *New York Review* Didion came on as if objective. In *The White Album* there is no mention at all that the piece was originally a book review: it's made to look like random, untargeted reflections.

I wrote to the *New York Review* at the time, noting the possible flaw in her objectivity. I also noted that she had misquoted a phrase of mine (which, by the way, she dug out of an earlier book,

Films Worth Seeing

Escape from Alcatraz. Lean and taciturn as the star, Clint Eastwood. Less violence than most of his films, but tense action.

The In-Laws. Farce about a dentist and a shady operator. Funny script, well performed by Alan Arkin and Peter Falk, lumpily directed.

The Muppet Movie. If you like the Muppets (I do), that's all you need to know. Your children will explain the difficult parts.

Rocky II. This time Sylvester Stallone, wrote, starred, *and* directed. Even better baloney than the first time.

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not the one she was nominally reviewing). In reply—this, I assure you, is true—Didion said that she had deliberately misquoted the phrase as "a small kindness" to me. Now, though she has otherwise revised the piece for her book, she has not corrected this misquotation. Having given herself what may be the noblest motive for deliberate misquotation in the history of literature, she persists in doing me the "small kindness."

An impartial reader of her article, who knew all the facts that Didion doesn't give, might infer that Didion felt forced to prove the incompetence of a critic who doesn't like her work, that she reached back two years for an occasion, and that she couldn't come up with anything much more substantive than that this critic isn't privy to Hollywood deals and doesn't know that pictures are made to make money. But it doesn't matter that she can't come up with anything more because film criticism is impossible anyway. And even if it *is* possible, it's vaporous.

This process of retrospective justification seems to run in the Didion household. Her husband and screen collaborator, John Gregory Dunne, last year published a collection of articles called *Quintana and Friends*, including a review of some books by another film critic. Dunne wrote this review for the *Los Angeles Times Book Review* in 1973—about the same time that Didion was publishing her piece in the *New York Review*. In the course of his article, Dunne takes a healthy swipe at me. Why not? you may ask. I agree: except that, first, Dunne doesn't mention my pans of his films (although he stipulates this about the critic he's really reviewing) and, second, I couldn't help noting his change of mind. In 1966 Dunne had sent me a letter saying that I wrote "the only movie column since James Agee's worth reading. . . ." Never mind what you think of his opinion; I'm quoting. He said further that it was "always a delight to read someone a) who liked movies and b) knew something about them. . . ."

What could have happened to me in the intervening seven years? Utter disintegration, I suppose, as proved by my reviews of those two Didion-Dunne films.

Well. On, dispiritedly, with my self-limiting profession. *Peppermint Soda* (Gaumont/New Yorker) is a first film by Diane Kurys who is 29 and French. In 1970 she joined Jean-Louis Barrault's theater company and was an actress for eight years, during which she began writing. She started by translating and adapting foreign plays. In 1977 she wrote this screenplay, found producers, and got a grant from the Ministry of Cultural Affairs that enabled her to direct it herself.

The story is autobiographical, though not entirely: some material is seen through other eyes. Set in 1963, it's about a Parisian Jewish girl of 13 (Kurys's age at the time), her older sister, the mother with whom they live, their divorced father, school, boys, and so on. The script doesn't have much novelty or additional insight about adolescence, and it's too long. For instance, an extended school trip to an abbey is plopped in near the end, apparently to provide a moment for a semi-surge of lesbian feeling in the heroine.

But *Peppermint Soda* has honest, neat charm. It has attractive performances by Eleonore Klarwein as the heroine and (lovely) Odile Michel as her older sister. Phillippe Rouselot photographed in precise but understated color. And Kurys directed well. No doubt she had advice—from Rousselot, her editor, her producers—but this film is not a committee job. It has an imprint of personality and control. One hallmark of her style: Kurys uses a lot of short scenes, faded quickly for laconic effect. One instance: after the news of John Kennedy's murder, we are in a history classroom with the heroine. The teacher, a woman, is writing an apt quotation from Bossuet on the blackboard. Then she turns and sits down at her desk, crying. That's all. End of scene.

Kurys is now making another film, about her protagonist at 18. Strength and luck to her. (And I wish the US had a Ministry of Cultural Affairs!)

Michael Ullman on Jazz

Recent Recordings: Jazz Masters

It seemed as if George Wein were announcing the death of Charles Mingus when on June 18, 1978, from the White House lawn, he called for the audience of jazz musicians, critics, and influential fans to give Mingus the biggest round of applause he had ever had. Mingus succumbed to "Lou Gehrig's disease" on January 5, 1979, after a protracted, courageous struggle with the crippling ailment that finally caused his heart to fail. Of Mingus's last months pianist-arranger Sy Johnson told Michael Cuscuna, "I've never known anybody like him when he was healthy; and I certainly never knew anybody like him when he was sick." Confined to a wheelchair during his last year, Mingus continued to compose and conduct, humming a series of melodies into a tape recorder for a session by folksinger Joni Mitchell, sitting in an Atlantic recording studio, exhorting and encouraging musicians who were realizing Mingus compositions he would never get to play. Mingus was a larger-than-life figure who forced his musicians and audiences to live up to his passionate expectations. He was known to fire a band member on stage, lecture an unruly audience, glare at an erring section man, and holler at a soloist who was faking it. He was a bebop bassist who idolized Duke Ellington and who titled one of his records *Pre-Bird*. He wrote a delicately mournful tribute to the departed Lester Young, "Goodbye Porkpie Hat," as well as the satirical "Fables of Faubus," dedicated to a reactionary governor who may someday be remembered only for his surprising ability to inspire Charlie Mingus, a black man born in Watts. In his autobiography, Mingus wrote: "I'm going to play the truth of what I am." The truth is rarely so inspiring; as Mingus's widow said, "He made you live at the top of yourself." He was an awesome man.

Since Mingus became ill, his longtime drummer Dannie Richmond has been conducting a band that plays Mingus's music. We can also listen to many of Mingus's records. CBS has just issued a surprising double album, *Nostalgia in Times Square/The Immortal 1959 Sessions* (CBS JC 35717). A previous set, *Better Git It In Your Soul* (CBS G30628) offered what listeners thought were the complete recordings of these crucial 1959 sessions, with Mingus's tributes to Ellington ("Mood Indigo," "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," and "Open

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Letter to Duke"), his raucous gospel numbers, a boogie-woogie, evocations of Charlie Parker ("Bird Calls," "Gunslinging Bird"), and a thumping revival of Jelly Roll Morton ("Jelly Roll"). The new album offers four new pieces and unedited masters of 10 others, restoring solos cut from the original issue. Mingus's strengths—his way with the blues, his ability to make a big band sound fresh and a small band sound large, his tenderness and humor—are all here on the longer unedited versions. Both sets are valuable despite the occasional weak solo or unimportant mistake. At the end of "New How Know How" on the *Nostalgia* album, one can hear the voice of a satisfied Mingus signal the engineer: "That was it, man. Did you hear that? That was *it*."

Columbia has also issued a two-record set of performances by pianist Thelonius Monk (*Always Know*, JG 35720). Some of these have not been previously issued, several were issued only in edited form, and a final piece, "Coming on the Hudson," has only been available on an anthology that is now out of print. The most surprising new piece is the hymn, "This Is My Story, This Is My Song," played solo by Monk in an absolutely straightforward, gospel-influenced style. Only the heavy emphasis and odd hesitations suggest that this expressive performance is by Monk. The set offers most of a new version of "Honeysuckle Rose," a poorly balanced "Criss Cross" and two wonderful Monk tunes, "Light Blue" and "Bye-Ya," orchestrated for big band by Hall Overton. One can learn something about Monk's eccentric piano technique from a photograph included on the inner sleeve of this album: Monk's left hand, his fingers perfectly flat, is holding down a chord, while with his right hand he strikes rapidly and percussively several black keys. His right elbow is extended so far that this hand seems to come at the keys from the side. He is leaning over the piano, staring open-mouthed at his saxophonist—an image of power, selfless concentration and unconventionality.

Monk is an odd creature who tends to make pronouncements rather than offer conversation. Terry Adams's notes to *Always Know* recount Monk's reply to saxophonist Pat Patrick's ritual greeting, "What's happening?" Monk is said to have replied, "Everything's happening all the time!" Monk once told Abbey Lincoln that she is "a gifted composer and writer." She is also a clever and original singer, but few of us have been able recently to test Monk's proposition; Lincoln, once married to Max Roach, has not been recorded in this country in some time. But now Inner City has issued *People In Me*, recorded in Japan in 1973 (IC 6040). It is a collection of eight tuneful Lincoln compositions which she sings above the admirable support of Dave Liebman's saxophone. The songs illustrate Lincoln's concerns: she sings a bouncy calypso about a woman who is lovely "naturally," a lugubrious but affecting love song, "You and Me My Love," a tribute to her promised land, "Africa," and an expression of universal good will, "People in Me." My only quarrel with this attractive recording is that on two songs, Lincoln chooses to dub a second vocal over the first, creating an unsettling echo effect. There must be a better way to thicken the textures of the music.

Neither Count Basie nor Dizzy Gillespie can be called under-recorded but now we have a recording of them playing the blues together (*The Gifted Ones*, Pablo 2310 833). In performance, Gillespie is often as prolix as Basie is abstemious. But the combination works perfectly here: Gillespie bends, chokes, and swallows notes, getting his most vocal sounds, while Basie, now in his mid-70s, swings deftly and graciously. His silences are more potent than most folks' screams. A relaxed but brilliant session.

Verve has been reissuing Gillespie records made in the mid-1950s, pairing the trumpeter with such soloists as Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt, and Sonny Rollins. Eldridge was one of Gillespie's earliest influences, but one would not have thought they were so strikingly compatible. The Eldridge sessions include a short duet on "Sometimes I'm Happy" that is marvelous for the way the two trumpeters share the melody and answer each other's statements (Verve Ve-2-2524). The Getz sessions include an impossibly fast "It Don't Mean a Thing" (Verve Ve-2-2521), while the set with Sonny Rollins is important for its documentation of the emerging style of one of the greatest saxophonists (Verve Ve-2-2505).

Artists House is a new label started by John Snyder, previously of A&M Horizon. The new company's releases have kept the high production standards set by Horizon: the albums are pressed on virgin vinyl and contain booklets with discography, transcriptions of solos, and statements by the artists. The first release is impressive. Ornette Coleman's *Body Meta* offers five selections by Coleman and his "electrified" group. I miss the rich bass of Charlie Haden and the melodies of Ed Blackwell's drums, but it is rewarding to hear four new compositions by Coleman and a reprise of "European Echoes," previously recorded in 1965. Artist House 2 features recordings by the late Paul Desmond and a trio of Canadians the selections were left over when Horizon assembled the *The Paul Desmond Quartet Live* (A&M SP 850). Desmond's tone was one of the most affecting in jazz, restrained, cool, but pure and full. He exploited this sound easily, wobbling gracefully on a held note, tightening up on a high note, pushing from the belly for a suddenly expansive low note. The Hampton Hawes-Charlie Haden duets (Artists House 4) were among Hawes's last recordings. Trained as a bebop pianist, Hawes had a deep lyrical streak submerged in the funky histrionics of his last Prestige recordings, but evident in compositions such as the waltz ballad "Sonora." In the masterpiece of this duet session, "As Long as There's Music," Haden's solo is an orderly lament based one is astonished to observe, on the first four notes of the F Major scale. Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Red Mitchell have recorded a set of duets that suggests an even greater intimacy than the Haden-Hawes collaboration (Artists House 4). As Hall tells us in his notes, the two star

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a performance softly. Often they get softer. For me the highlight of this recording is the rendition of an urban Mexican folksong, "Blue Dove." By contrast, the pair almost rock on Hall's humorous "Osaka Express." The record was taped at the New York nightclub Sweet Basil, where Hall has played with Red Mitchell and, more recently, with Bob Brookmeyer. It's good to have the record—when I heard Hall from the back of the club, noise from the bar, the street, and my neighbors left me with the frustrating realization that I was in the presence of great music that I was unable to hear. (Artists House is located at 40 West 37th Street, New York, New York, 10018.)

John Wayne's Strange Legacy

A Revisionist View

There was always more to the legend of John Wayne than met the eye. To judge by most of the obituaries, the unifying effect of his long war against cancer had transcended the divisive effect of his long war against communism. His illness was thus regarded as a metaphor for all the problems that plague Western man in his descent from power. With Wayne's passing, we were told by solemn editorialists, the last simplistic American Hero had bitten the dust. This meant that there would be no more Vietnams on the American horizon. Of course, a bemused bystander might observe that Vietnam had more to do with John Kennedy than with John Wayne, and that the newest crop of crotch-thrusting rock stars do not necessarily make more exemplary or more complex heroes than an old gunfighter. But to argue Wayne's politics, pro or con, is to ignore the considerable achievement of his poetics. Wayne was, after all, a movie actor, not a politician, and his great feat was not to play "himself," whatever that means, but to fashion a new self from his screen image.

The squint, the rolling walk, the roundhouse right, the clipped cadences of his speech were not granted to Marion Michael Morrison at his birth on May 26, 1907 in Winterset, Iowa. They were industriously assembled, mannerism by mannerism, through an unusually long apprenticeship on the Hollywood sound stages in the 1930s. Unlike many of his stellar contemporaries, Wayne was far from an overnight sensation. From his walk-on in a Richard Barthelmess vehicle entitled *Drop Kick* 1927) to his grand entrance as the Ringo Kid in John Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939), Wayne toiled away in 65 movies, most of which were produced on poverty row for the boondocks and kiddie matinee audiences.

Having obtained his big chance and the screen name "John Wayne" in 1930 with Raoul Walsh's superwestern *The Big Trail*, Wayne saw his opportunity for stardom sidetracked for almost a decade. His youth was gone by the time Ford dragged him off to Monument Valley for a second chance. His biographers have written that Wayne was on the screen for almost 50 years, but it would be a mistake to say that his iconic flame burned with equal brightness throughout that period. Ultimately, Wayne appeared in some of the best films ever made in Hollywood—*Stagecoach, The Long Voyage Home, They Were Expendable, Fort Apache, Red River, She Wore a Yellow Ribbon, The Quiet Man, The Searchers, The Wings of Eagles, Rio Bravo, The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, El Dorado*—and some of the worst—*Tycoon, The Fighting Kentuckian, Big Jim McLain, The Conqueror, The Alamo, The Green Berets*. But his overall reputation with the public depended less on the classics and the disasters than upon a steady stream of routine but robust romances from the 1940s through the 1970s. I happened to have grown up on the John Wayne of *Dark Command, Seven Sinners, The Shepherd of the Hills, Lady for a Night, Reap the Wild Wind, The Spoilers, Flying Tigers, In Old Oklahoma, Tall in the Saddle*, and *Angel and the Badman*. I remember responding to him in a relatively uncomplicated way though he seldom functioned as a conventional hero. He could be accursed or obsessed. In *Wake of the Red Witch* he drowns at the bottom of the deep so that he can sail forever on the ghostly high seas with his

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dead sweetheart (Gail Russell). He dies also in *Reap the Wild Wind*, *Sands of Iwo Jima*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *The Cowboys*, and *The Shootist*—an unusually high number of fatalities for a supposedly optimistic genre figure. And on many other occasions the characters he played faced a twilight existence of loneliness and dependency.

An appreciation of the complete John Wayne depends therefore upon a perceptive familiarity with the varieties and paradoxes of his career. The Goldwaters and the Nixons among his admirers have merely appropriated snapshots of Wayne as the Rugged Individualist to promote their own political fantasies. Wayne's most enduring image, however, is that of the displaced loner vaguely uncomfortable with the very civilization he is helping to establish and preserve. He is not a Wild Man of the West seeking ever new frontiers, but he wanders much of the time nonetheless. At his first appearance we usually sense a very private person with some wound, loss, or grievance from the past. At his best he is much closer to a tragic vision of life than to a comic one. Shortly before Wayne's death Ralph Richardson remarked in an interview that the "Duke" projected the kind of mystery one associated with great acting. Jean-Luc Godard once observed that as much as he despised the reactionary politics of John Wayne, he could never help but be moved in John Ford's *The Searchers* by the emotional sweep of the awesomely avuncular gesture with which Wayne gathers up Natalie Wood, after having given every indication that he wished to kill her for defiling his sacred memories of a little girl accepting his medal as a token of his chivalric devotion to her mother. In this, his greatest film, Wayne acts out the mystery of what passes through the soul of Ethan Edwards in that fearsome moment when he discovers the mutilated bodies of his brother, his beloved sister-in-law, and his nephew. Surly, cryptic, almost menacing even before the slaughter, he is invested afterward with the implacability of a figure too much larger than life for any genre but the Western.

Still, the notion of John Wayne as a great actor sits strangely with most people. Wayne himself would have scoffed at the suggestion that he belonged in the same category with, say, Laurence Olivier, whom he greatly admired. Toward the end of his life Wayne acknowledged the high-brow veneration accorded him by serious cineastes here and abroad. "I was just the paint for the palettes of Ford and Hawks," he once remarked with rueful modesty. This may have been true at the time of Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939) and Hawks's *Red River* (1948), but by the time of Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962), and Hawks's *El Dorado* (1967), they needed him more than he needed them. To a great extent he had become his own *auteur*.

There is another factor to be considered, however, in Wayne's apparent self-denigration as an actor. The supposed authenticity of his personality could have been compromised by the stigma of self-consciousness. Carole Lombard once noted disapprovingly that Gary Cooper had become "feminine" in his narcissistic absorption with his own looks. A noted ballet critic once spoke approvingly of the rollicking sensualit of Wayne's posterior wiggle. The suspi cion that such a maneuver might hav been contrived with the actor's fu awareness of its effect could do much t destroy the Duke's credibility with th mass of moviegoers on five continent Yet when we recall Wayne's long caree on the screen without any cultur preconceptions we are reminded of long dance across disconcertingl natural backgrounds. As with Buste Keaton and Alfred Hitchcock, th kinetic and dynamic qualities of th medium itself have coalesced with determined talent to produce images c genius.

Many theater people still believe tha the only truly "serious" acting is per formed on a stage, and within this circl Wayne is of course artistically non

Claire Trevor and John Wayne in *Stagecoach* (1939). The Museum of Modern Art/Film Stills Archive.

Other people, so I have read, treasure memorable moments in their lives: the time one climbed the Parthenon at sunrise, the summer night one met a lonely girl in Central Park and achieved with her a sweet and natural relationship, as they say in books. I too once met a girl in Central Park, but it is not much to remember. What I remember is the time John Wayne killed three men with a carbine as he was falling to the dusty street in Stagecoach, *and the time the kitten found Orson Welles in the doorway in* The Third Man.

Walker Percy
The Moviegoer, *1961*

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existent. Certainly no one ever suggested that Wayne's acting range extended to Restoration fops and Elizabethan fools. (Dustin Hoffman got a big laugh at a *Village Voice* Off-Broadway "Obie" award ceremony a few years back with his imitation of Wayne's undertaking a stage performance of *Hamlet* in London.) But as Olivier himself has demonstrated on too many occasions, the assumption of an infinite "range" contains its own pitfalls. A trick accent, a beard, an eye-patch, old-age make-up—these are the accoutrements of acting to many people. And that is why the worst acting is so often mistaken for the best, particularly on the screen, where being transcends pretending, and just standing there can often be more effective than doing something.

Wayne was dismissed not only because he lacked the wide classical range of the great British actors, but also because he lacked the emotional depth of the great method actors. Wayne was thus less than Olivier on one level, and less than Brando on another. Indeed, nothing could be more alien to Wayne's temperament and upbringing than the Freudian-Stanislavskian mix of the method. Instead of reaching back into his past to dredge up the feelings that would bring his characters to life, Wayne followed a relatively Jungian process of building up a new persona into which he gradually grew. He had never been a real-life Western hero like Tom Mix, nor even a real-life cowboy like Gary Cooper, but rather, a druggist's son in pinched middle-class surroundings. From an early age he found a more satisfying existence on the movie screen, and he labored long and hard to paint himself on that magical canvas so that it would seem that he had always inhabited it. In the end Wayne himself was just about all that was left of the Old West in our imagination.

The discretion of graveyard etiquette aside, there remain strong, influential, and even understandable pockets of resistance to the Wayne legend on grounds other than the obvious political ones. Women, Easterners, Intellectuals, Gentle Souls Dedicated to Non-Violence, and even Scholars of the Real West were never the strongest champions of either Wayne or the Westerns in which he appeared. Many of his detractors have never seen his best films; many have never patronized Westerns as a matter of course. Much that has been written casually about the Western is remarkably ill-informed with respect to the almost dialectical diversity within the genre. Take weapons, for example. Relatively "liberal" types like Henry Fonda and Paul Newman have been considerably more conspicuous than Wayne in the manner of flaunting virility and swaggering about with six-shooters at the ready. Newman in particular exploited the Western to express his own anarchic spirit. By contrast, Wayne embodied the brutal, implacable order of the West less with personal flair than with archetypal endurance. He was more likely to outlast his opponents than to outdraw them, and from *Stagecoach* on he never hesitated to use the rifle, an instrument more efficient and more realistic, if less phallic, than the six-shooter.

Apart from appreciative essays by Joan Didion and Molly Haskell, there is little evidence to suggest that Wayne was as well-liked by women as by men. He lacked the curiously calculating little-boy-lost quality of a Gable or a Cooper, and his clumsy exasperation was often mistaken for bullying. From time to time in his career he ventured into relatively straight boy-girl projects in order to broaden his appeal. The results seemed discouraging at first glance. Wayne clearly lacked finesse, subtlety, and patience, the indispensable tools of womanizing on the screen. Of his performance opposite Jean Arthur in *A Lady Takes a Chance* (1943), James Agee wrote: " . . . John Wayne suggests how sensational he might be in a sufficiently evil story about a Reno gigolo. . . ." And on his playing opposite Claudette Colbert in *Without Reservations* (1946), Agee was similarly clear-eyed: "Messrs. Wayne and Defore have kinds of hardness and conceit, in their relations with women, which are a good deal nearer the real thing than movies usually get."

Marlene Dietrich, his co-star and reported flame in *Seven Sinners* (1940), *The Spoilers* (1942), and *Pittsburgh* (1942), recently complained in print that Wayne had never read a book in his life. And despite his having been married to three Spanish-speaking women, he never learned more than a few words of Spanish. "I guess I never listened to what they were saying," he once confessed candidly, but not without a trace of self-mockery. Yet warmth and devotion are amply present in his screen liaisons with Maureen O'Hara in *The Quiet Man* and *Wings of Eagles*, with Angie Dickinson in *Rio Bravo*, and with Patricia Neal in *In Harm's Way*. Like Faulkner's hero in *Knight's Gambit*, he improved with age, and he learned before our eyes both how to feel and how to project a deep and abiding love.

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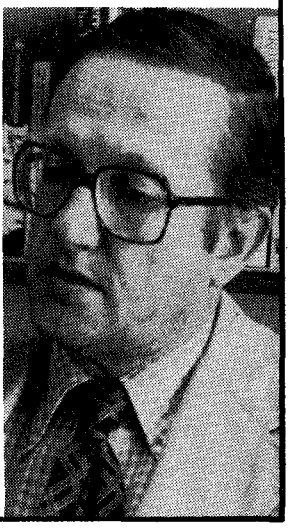

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But there is no getting away from it. John Wayne was not one of us, if by "us," we stipulate the kind of people who read and contribute to *The New Republic*. John Wayne was the Other. He had graduated by 1939 from the trivial pulp Westerns and adventure romances in which cardboard heroes wrestled with stock villains. In the grown-up Westerns of subsequent decades villainy was supplanted by evil, and Wayne confronted evil directly with ruthless, unblinking violence. The liberal imagination steadfastly resists the idea of incorrigible evil, and the absolute and vengeful morality it spawns in the persona of John Wayne. For my own part, I am not in the habit of socking my enemies in the jaw. I snipe at them in print instead, and feel singularly unheroic in the process. John Wayne was therefore something of a graceful and beautiful fantasy figure for me, but he was also and remains still the test of my own negative capability as a film critic. It took me a long time to appreciate him as an actor, and now I hope to make amends by explaining his subtler virtues to the stubbornly unbelieving.

Andrew Sarris

Andrew Sarris is the film critic for the *Village Voice* and the author, most recently, of *Politics and Cinema* (Columbia University Press).

The Shaping of a Behaviorist by B. F. Skinner

(Alfred A. Knopf; $12.95)

In the first volume of his memoirs, published three years ago, B. F. Skinner described his youth in the railroad town of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, his studies at Hamilton College, and the "disastrous year" following graduation when he lived at home and tried to become a writer. Having failed, he enrolled at Harvard in 1928 as a graduate student in psychology. *The Shaping of a Behaviorist* recounts his revolt against the "mentalistic predispositions" of the Harvard faculty; his work on conditioned reflexes, "reinforcement," and "verbal behavior"; his search for a "new theory of conditioning" and a new science of behavior; his teaching career at Minnesota, Indiana, and Harvard; and the enthusiasm for social engineering which led in 1948 to the publication of Skinner's utopian novel, *Walden Two*.

Taken together, the two volumes of Skinner's autobiography suggest that much of his thought, seemingly advanced in its contempt for "prescientific" points of view, actually derives from the moral climate of 19th-century positivism and early 20th-century progressivism. Reading Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells, Skinner says, persuaded him to abandon literature for science. At Harvard, teachers like George Sarton, the historian of science, passed on the positivistic faith that "acquisition and systematization of positive knowledge"—the "only human activity," according to Sarton, "which is truly cumulative and progressive"—would lead to a "better moral order," in Skinner's words. The idea of a predictive science of behavior, which plays such a central part in Skinner's thinking, owes more to positive philosophy than to modern science. So does the corollary that scientific administration will do away with politics—since "most of us," as Skinner explains in *Walden Two*, "are willing to leave the business of ruling to specialists."

Not only his ideas but even his personal habits hark back to an earlier time, when scientific discovery and invention often went together with entrepreneurial enterprise and a certain iconoclastic cast of mind. Skinner builds his own laboratory equipment and takes pride in his ingenious contraptions. When he takes up smoking, he makes his own pipes. He has a weakness for projects designed at once to serve public needs and to make money, such as a guided missile system steered by trained pigeons, or an ambitious scheme for marketing the famous "baby tender" or "Skinner box" (thwarted when his business partner skipped town with the capital). An amateur musician, Skinner has also dabbled in Shakespeare scholarship; invented a phonograph o "verbal summator" that produce rhythmic patterns suggestive of speech allowing the "subconscious to verbaliz itself"; tried his hand at carpentry an cabinet-making; written art criticism and devised a new system of musica notation.

Even in his own field, he clings to hi amateur standing by repeatedly in sisting that he learned little psycholog as a graduate student, "knew almos nothing about psychology" when firs called on to teach it, was "wholl unprepared for the job," "knew nothin about the field" of social psychology "had not kept up with the field," and, i short, never bothered to master the fiel he claims to have revolutionized. No only does Skinner have little use fo professional psychologists, he enjoy puncturing professional self-esteem an disputing received opinions of all kinds He is something of a tinkerer and villag scoffer, a professional skeptic of a typ now almost extinct, whose deflation o "mentalistic" prejudices itself rests on somewhat old-fashioned faith in scienc and "scientific method."

The social theories expounded i *Walden Two* and more recently in *Beyon Freedom and Dignity* have their roots i positivistic progressivism—in the uto pian novels of Edward Bellamy an William Morris, the educational theorie of John Dewey, the functionalism o Thorstein Veblen. Not that Skinner ha made a careful study of social theor (any more than he has made a carefu study of psychology) or has been directl influenced by these writers. He ha simply absorbed the advanced ideas o the early 20th century, found in publi cations like "that wonderful magazin the *Dial*," and reproduced them, i somewhat simplified form, in his owr work.

He shares the progressive faith tha problems of modern social organizatio are administrative and psychological not economic and political. Like Veblen he believes that social engineering hold the promise of a better world, once th techniques of social control are take over by a disinterested managerial elit so that they can no longer be "used fo personal aggrandizement in a com petitive world." Like many socialists an progressives, he dismisses the danger o a scientific and technocratic tyranny with the offhand remark that "usurpa tion of power is a threat only in competitive culture."

Skinner's idea of the good society, a outlined in *Walden Two* and later in *Beyon*

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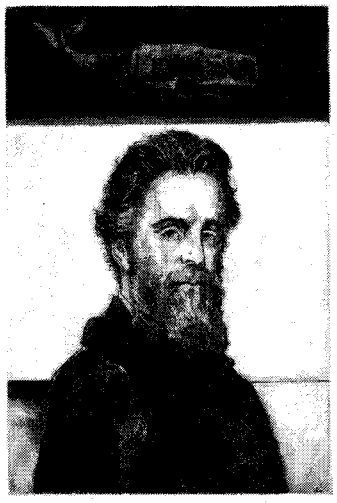

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Freedom and Dignity (1971), consists of progressive clichés. He wants to replace competition with cooperation, politics with administration, punishment with "treatment," rivalry with "general tolerance and affection," romantic love with "simple friendship," hero-worship with an egalitarian interchangeability of social parts, in which "there's no reason to feel that anyone is necessary to anyone else." Like the early progressive educators, he wants to teach not subjects but "scientific method." In *Walden Two* he abolishes the study of history on the grounds that it encourages hero-worship. He abolishes the family, which discriminates against women and perpetuates selfish individualism. He abolishes adolescence, replacing it with a "brief and painless" transition to adulthood. He gets rid of the "secrecy and shame" surrounding sex. He decrees the end of frustration, suffering, and failure. He dispenses with "simple democracy," relieving the masses of the "responsibility of planning" and freeing them for spiritual self-enrichment.

The only difference between Skinner and other progressives is that he freely acknowledges the undemocratic implications of all this. "You won't find very much 'simple democracy' here," he writes of his model community. The inhabitants of *Walden Two* vote as the "Planners" tell them to vote. In *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Skinner scandalized liberals by carrying their own premises to unpalatable conclusions. He makes explicit what other progressives prefer to ignore: that the therapeutic morality associated with 20th-century liberalism destroys the whole idea of moral responsibility, and that it culminates, moreover, in the monopolization of knowledge and power by experts.

It is not hard to see both why so many liberals object to Skinner's ideas, and why those ideas appeal, on the other hand, to a younger generation in revolt against the "hypocrisy" of its elders. As the charge of hypocrisy implies, the younger generation accepts the prevailing values while demanding their strict observance. This kind of rebellion finds an ideal spokesman in Skinner, who draws on liberalism in order to convict liberals of sentimentality and evasion. His ideas are appealing too in their insistence that utopian "change won't come about through power politics at all," but "at another level altogether." His frequent attacks on "consuming and polluting" echo important themes of the counterculture, as does his defense of "smallness" and his insistence on the social limits of growth. Finally, his egalitarianism reinforces the "anti-elitism" that has become almost the common denominator of contemporary politics. His plea for the "complete equality of men and women," his attack on competitive sports and other forms of "personal triumph," and his dream of a "world without heroes" all participate in the current revulsion against invidious distinctions—a perversion of the democratic impulse that turns out to be perfectly compatible with acceptance of an oligarchy of experts, who claim no special powers or privileges beyond the impersonal authority of science.

Skinner's ideas may offend right-thinking progressives, but they rest on a solid footing of progressive dogma: environmentalism, egalitarianism, social engineering, and a belief that punishment—an ineffective form of social control—must give way to "non-aversive" controls. As Carl Rogers and other humanistic critics have discovered, Skinner cannot be refuted from a position based on an environmentalist, therapeutic ethics. Once you accept his premises—that "traditional" knowledge must give way to "scientific analysis"; that modern science destroys the notion of individual responsibility; that failure is the worst teacher; that the goal of social policy is to "avoid unhappiness"—it is not easy to resist his vision of utopi as "a world in which there is no need fo moral struggle."

The answer to Skinner, of course, i that moral struggle is the very conditio of human existence, without which i ceases to be human. As for the problen of moral responsibility, it is not moder science that calls into question the ide of moral choice, but the recognition tha man is a slave to his appetites. Dispute about free will and predestination di not begin with modern science and it insult to human "vanity," as Skinne assumes; nor does the recognition o necessity absolve individuals of respon sibility for their actions. In order t grasp this paradox, however, we have t turn to long-discredited tradition of philosophical and religious spec ulation—the fund of "traditiona knowledge" that 20th-centur progressivism, in its infatuation with a already outmoded "science of behavior, has dismissed out of hand. For man liberals, this remedy remains mor deeply unpalatable than the disease o Skinnerism itself.

Christopher Lasch

Christopher Lasch is the author of *Th Culture of Narcissism* (Norton).

An American Renaissance: A Strategy for the 1980s by Jack Kemp

(Harper & Row; $8.95)

As economics, *An American Renaissance* is a familiar conservative artifact. Kemp—or his ghostwriter—admires Jude Wanniski's *The Way the World Works*. Wanniski in turn derives inspiration from Columbia's Robert Mundell, a scholar of the Milton Friedman persuasion, and UCLA's and Proposition 13's Arthur Laffer. The latter, beginning with the truism that tax rates of zero and 100 percent are equally certain to raise no revenue at all, proceeds to the extraordinarily dubious judgment that American taxes already are so high that they discourage risk-taking by entrepreneurs and work incentives for the rest of the population. Upon such insecure intellectual foundations, Laffer and his followers have endorsed ta reduction as the clue to higher economi growth and, in short order, large revenues for the tax collectors.

Kemp is entirely certain tha proposals like his own Kemp-Roth one third slash in federal personal tax rate will narrow the wedge that separate earnings from take-home pay. Laffer' wedge, the difference between first an last figures on paycheck stubs, i allegedly so wide that it encourages ta evasion, illegal activity, early retire ment, and universal sloth. Only cu taxes and the springs of incentive will b released and all of us will enthusiastical ly obey the first commandment of fre enterprise: enrich ourselves.

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There are, I fear, some trivial difficulties with this amiable line of argument. By world standards American taxes are not high. Taxes in Germany, a country whose policies Kemp admires, are higher than they are here. Moreover, the German version of market capitalism coexists with a larger sector of state activity and far greater union participation in corporate management than Kemp endorses for Americans. Since 1964, tax rates in the United States have steadily declined at the federal level with the brief interruption of the 1968 temporary surcharge. The tax code is notoriously so stuffed with good things for corporations, banks, and affluent individuals that the only enterprises and persons actually subject to the highest marginal rates are those who have neglected to take the advice of competent tax accountants and lawyers.

Worse still, Laffer-Kemp's assurance that resource supplies will expand and productivity vastly improve when taxes are reduced ignores some inconvenient obstacles. The largest of course is OPEC and the certainty that alternatives to OPEC oil will be at least as expensive as the Middle Eastern product. Kemp opposes development of synthetic fuel on the shaky premise that lower taxes and decontrol of domestic energy will bring as rewards adequate quantities of inexpensive new oil within our own boundaries. Even the oil companies have been reluctant to make claims equally extravagant.

In other words, as economics this manifesto is negligible. It is rather more interesting as a campaign document. Mr. Kemp, who several times reminds readers that he used to be a quarterback, presumably an endearing career qualification for pro football enthusiasts, is a long-shot possibility for the Republican presidential nomination in 1980 and a shorter odds contender for the Javits senate seat in New York, if its venerable occupant decides to give it up next year.

Will *An American Renaissance* promote Representative Kemp to higher office? Possibly. It is pleasantly written in a tone of agreeable idealism and malice toward few. Mr. Kemp favors all things bright and beautiful and loves all creatures large and small. He wants to reduce federal spending, care for the needy, *and* substantially enlarge the Pentagon budget. Because he knows in his heart that full employment and price stability are happy neighbors in the context of lower taxes, less government regulation of business, and more freedom all around, he attacks Phillips curve tradeoffs between inflation and unemployment. Here, incidentally, I agree with Mr. Kemp, though for rather different reasons.

Good politicians cherish the virtue of discretion. Kemp takes no discernible position on Vietnam and he ignores entirely the gaudy Love Canal activities of Hooker Chemical in his own neck of the woods, a most inconvenient example of free enterprise in action. If the federal government has taken to regulating some of the more dangerous activities of our corporations, it is because corporate use of the natural environment as a free dump for noxious wastes and emissions, and of human beings as consumers of harmful foods, unsafe cars, and dubious pharmaceuticals, has generated public revulsion powerful enough to move Congress to reluctant action against its own campaign benefactors.

Kemp is not handicapped by the foolish consistency which is the hobgoblin of small minds. Early on he floats a contrast between the Republicans as the party of growth and the Democrats as partisans of redistribution. Later he is moved to praise the tax cutting strategy of the Kennedy administration. Indeed, to substantiate his contrast he is compelled to ignore an embarrassing comparison between high growth circa 1961-68 and slower growth during the eight Eisenhower years. For evidence of Republican attachment to economic expansion, Kemp is forced to hark back to the Coolidge era.

No doubt I have said enough to hint that Kemp's view of the American economy is every bit as relevant to our universe of domestic and international monopolies, oligopolies, and cartels, as Calvin Coolidge is as a guide to tax reform. At the same time, I do not exclude the possibility that this inspiring assortment of slogans will advance its sponsor's political career. If a University of Michigan center can make it to the White House, why should an ex-professional quarterback despair?

Robert Lekachman

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Lehman College, New York.

C. G. Jung: Word and Image
edited by Aniela Jaffé

(Princeton/Bollingen
Series XCVII: 2; $25)

There are many Jungs, and not simply because Carl Jung lived an unusually long and productive life. (He died in 1961, at the age of 85, shortly after completing one of his least obscure essays, "Approaching the Unconscious," which is the first chapter of the introductory *Man and His Symbols*.)

There is the elderly, ailing man who says with convincing modesty,

I am astonished, disappointed, pleased with myself. I am distressed, depressed, rapturous. I am all these things at once, and cannot add up the sum. I am incapable of determining ultimate worth or worthlessness; I have no judgment about myself and my life. There is nothing I am quite sure about. I have no definite convictions—not about anything, really. I know only that I was born and exist. . . . I exist on the foundation of something I do not know.

There is the mythographer who shrewdly if not perhaps altogether consciously recasts his life as that of a hero—a Jungian hero—struggling and triumphing against innumerable dragons in the fulfillment of his "individuation," which is to say the completion of his soul; this is the elderly man who revenges himself upon a troubled and possibly disordered past by imposing a poet's sense of order upon it, imagining succinct dramatic scenes with Freud, among others, in which the best lines of dialogue are his, and the most compelling epiphanies. How *cannot* this legendary Jung succeed at whatever he attempts? "From the beginning," he says calmly,

I had a sense of destiny, as though my life was assigned to me by fate and had to be fulfilled. This gave me an inner security, and, though I

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could never prove it to myself, it proved itself to me. I did not have this certainty, it had me.

There is the brilliant young psychiatrist who enters upon a passionate, if largely epistolary, friendship with Sigmund Freud, offering himself to "our cause" (that is, the psychoanalytic revolution), though he has from the start serious misgivings about Freud's monomaniacal sexual pantheism, and knows very well that he is maneuvering himself (and the oddly masochistic Freud) into a false position: the younger man *will* boldly force the friendship to a violent end, yet he *will* suffer more than Freud from its dissolution.

There is the devoted husband and father who nevertheless has an adulterous relationship with a former patient, Toni Wolff, that survives almost four decades—an heroic feat in itself—and who, while expressing distaste for anything so vulgar as gossip, worries aloud that future biographers will be unable to guess that he is a "great lover." (Jung's wife Emma and his mistress Toni acquired symbolic value in the Jungian cosmos, the former as the "wife and mother" whose identity resides in her domesticity, the latter the "femme inspiratrice" or Muse whose function is to stimulate the imagination of the man of genius.)

There is the Jung who, in 1934, did not refrain from speaking against Freud's "subversive" semitic psychoanalytic methodology. Yet there is the wise, kind, patient, sympathetic, and altogether admirable Jung revealed in the *Letters*, and there is, of course, the incomparable Jung of the more than 20 volumes of *Collected Works*, certainly one of the most brilliant and disturbing thinkers of all time.

One has the impression that Jung is now widely and enthusiastically read. But by whom? Certain Jungian terms—*extravert, introvert, collective unconscious, archetype,* even *anima* and *animus* and *shadow*—are to be found virtually everywhere, in the most casual of contexts, employed by people who have never heard of, let alone made their heroic way through, such difficult works as *Aion, The Concept of the Collective Unconscious, Psychological Types,* or *Symbols of Transformation*. While it is true that, in the past decade, my brightest students seem to have no use for Freud—not even to read and refute—and plunge into Jung with great zeal, there is nevertheless a peculiar academic resistance (or is "resistance" too parochial a term?) to Jung that shows little signs of mellowing. Academic psychology with its behavioral foundations has no use for Jung, whose theories cannot be measured—cannot be proved or disproved; and even the brilliantly eclectic Julian Jaynes, whose *The Origins of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* includes a massive bibliography, seems never to have read Jung. My academic and literary colleagues amaze me by the alacrity with which they dismiss Jung as obscure, or superficial, or mystical. Have you read Jung's study of the symbolism of the Mass? I inquire. Well—no. Have you read his essay on Eastern and Western ways of thinking, or his essay on poetry (which make Freud's speculations on the same subjec appear crudely naive), or his masterpiec *Answer to Job*? No, my colleagues admit they haven't read these works. Nor hav they read "The Phenomenology of th Spirit in Fairy Tales," or Jung's famou commentary on *The Secret of the Golde Flower;* they haven't even glance through the elementary *Man and Hi Symbols*. Months later, or years later, w blunder onto the same topic. But haven' you read . . . yet? I ask, dismayed. An the answer is, Well—no, not yet.

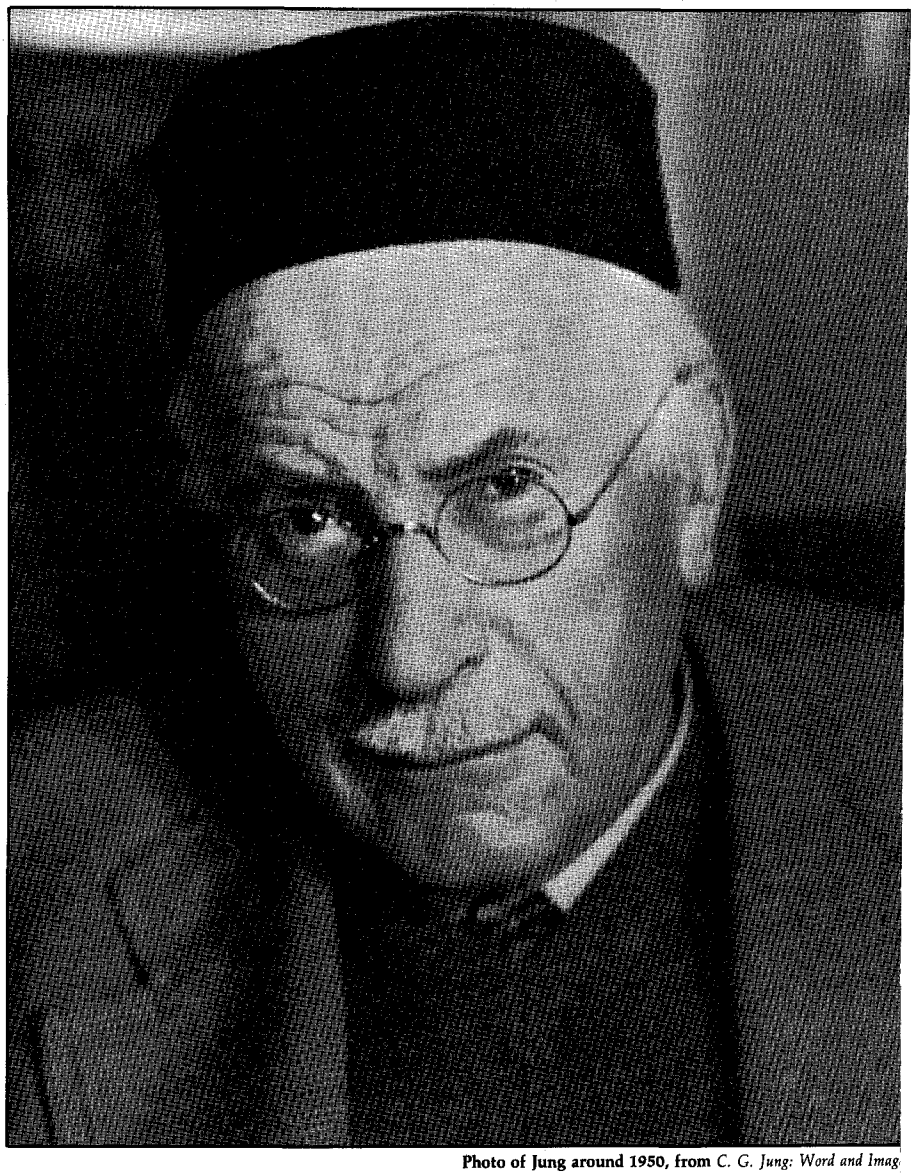

Photo of Jung around 1950, from *C. G. Jung: Word and Imag*

Yet the Bollingen Foundation—whicl has been publishing translations o Jung's work since the early 1950s—continues its series, and a monumenta labor it is. Perhaps an entire generatio of academics will have to die off, an their prejudices with them, before Jun can come into his own.

C. G. Jung: Word and Image is a bio graphic—that is, a hagiographic—recor of Jung's life and career. Based upon th 1975 centenary exhibit held in Zurich

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and following more or less the self-dramatizing thematic outline of *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, it is a problematic and yet a fascinating book. Much of the material is familiar (the relationship with Freud, the travels to North Africa, to the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, to East Africa, and India), and a great deal of the text is simply taken from *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, in violently truncated form; but the book contains much previously unpublished material, including 11 paintings from Jung's secret "Red Book," in which he transcribed inner experiences during the turbulent six-year period (1913-19) following his break with Freud. And what astonishing paintings they are! As if Blake had attempted to portray his visions in *art nouveau* style—as if a gifted and precocious child had boldly delineated *his* interpretations of mystical Oriental art. These color illustrations, as well as black and white illustrations of stone carvings Jung did in his old age, at the tower at Bollingen, are worth the price of the volume. (And $25, in these alarmingly inflated times, is a most reasonable price for a book containing over 200 illustrations.)

In 1913 Jung resigned his lecturership at the University of Zurich, and entered into his famous "confrontation with the unconscious." He did not resist visions, voices, obsessions, fantasies of a frequently terrifying nature; in order to reestablish contact with himself as a child, he played with building blocks, and labored to "translate emotions into images." Like Blake, who spoke of taking dictation from a source beyond himself, Jung wrote "in the style selected by the unconscious." He encountered dream-figures (among them an old wise man whom he called Philemon and who resembles, in the 38-year-old Jung's painting, the 80-year-old Jung himself); he painted orange-red flames that billow up to the heavens, and a rodent-like "shadow-figure" in a gentleman's cape and high hat, and stylized serpents breathing fire, and apocalyptic crosses hovering above villages simple and flat as any imagined by Grandma Moses. He painted mandalas, one of which, "The Castle," is as labyrinthine as anything dreamed into being by Kafka. It was Jung's belief, which seems, judging from these illustrations, to be justified, that the dream-visions were not products of the personal unconscious that might be traced back to biographical events; they were instead impersonal and mythic, arising out of a psychic realm to which Jung eventually gave the name "collective unconscious." Out of this six-year period came the *prima materia* for a life's work, which would carry Jung into the formidable (and unfashionable) fields of astrology, alchemy, and the occult (though in fact Jung's doctoral dissertation had been a study of "so-called occult phenomena"). Had Jung resisted the plummet into the unconscious, as most people do, he would not have made the discoveries for which he is famous—he would not have fulfilled the destiny "assigned" to him by fate.

C. G. Jung: Word and Image might have been strengthened by some judicious criticism of the Jung legend. It is, after all, a highly convincing Jungian thesis that any inflation of the ego, or of the ego's worldly reputation, will draw forth a counterstroke from the unconscious. For instance, one could not guess, judging from the book's final chapters, how certain of Jung's ideas (particularly those set forth with such courage and lucidity in *Answer to Job*) excited violently hostile responses from the very readers for whom they were intended. The continuing anti-Jungian bias of psychoanalysis might have been examined, for whatever it is worth. And one sees in two of the book's photographs (one at the famous Weimar Congress of 1911, the other at an Eranos lecture in the late 1930s) the melancholy figure of Toni Wolff, seated in both photographs just to the left of Emma Jung, never identified as Jung's beloved and inordinately faithful "femme inspiratrice." The book's weakest section is that given over to "Travels," since its illustrations are quite arbitrary and have nothing to do with Jung himself, and most of the commentary is taken directly from *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. The funniest section is enlivened by quotes from Jung's letters to his wife, when he and Freud visited New York City in August of 1909, and suffered a mild sort of culture shock (from which Freud never recovered: he spoke of the New World as a "gigantic mistake"). Jung writes Emma:

. . . We went to Brill's for supper. He has a nice, uncomplicated wife (an American). The meal was remarkable for the unbelievable, wildly imaginative dishes! Picture a salad made of apples, head lettuce, celery root, nuts, etc., etc. . . . Afterward, between 10 and 12 P.M., we drove down to Chinatown, the most dangerous part of New York. . . . The Chinese all wear dark clothing and have their hair in long braids. We went into a Chinese temple, located in a frightful den called a joss

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WASHINGTON, July 1[illegible]—The d[illegible] on

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house. Around every corner a murder might be taking place. Then we went into a Chinese teahouse, where . . . they served us rice and an incredible dish with chopped meat, apparently smothered in earthworms and onions. . . . But the worms turned out to be Chinese potato. . . . By the way, the hoodlums who were lounging around looked more dangerous than the Chinese. In Chinatown there are 9,000 Chinese but only 28 women. . . . I should mention that Dr. Brill's wife was along for the whole expedition, like the good American she is.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates's most recent novel is *Son of the Morning* (Vanguard).

The Novelists

Charles McCarry: Poet Laureate of the CIA

The Better Angels (Dutton; $10.95), Charles McCarry's fourth novel, dispenses with Christopher, protagonist of his previous three espionage fictions: *The Secret Lovers*, *The Tears of Autumn*, and *The Miernik Dossier* (all in paperback).

As some may recall, Christopher had Kennedy-era stylings: a first class covert operator, he was also a disillusioned poet (though McCarry never bothered to establish his talent with words). Heartbroken, diffident, cynical, jet-settish, Christopher inhabited Rome, the Eternal City, like some American university professor on a leave of absence to promote cultural contacts, while going about his dreary romantic business of being a spook elsewhere.

Christopher's real life prototype could have been Peter Matthiessen, for example, who served with the Agency during the early cold war years in Paris. He had cultural pretensions, a covert identity, like many others who have not yet surfaced in real life; he had glamour, charm, and sensitivity, wasn't all hype like Ian Fleming's James Bond, or shabby and drunken like a LeCarré figure. This representative of our besieged Western civilization was always depicted with, at least, some of his vocational doubts showing. Even when he was arranging for the Agency's worldwide literary network of "assets" to promote the work of a prominent Soviet dissident, as in *The Secret Lovers*, his consciousness was anguished, ambiguous, just slightly frayed. We were required to empathize with his romantic losses and strange scruples about adultery, and murder, or about the domestic tensions in the household of his one-eyed "control" at Langley, Patchen (who strongly resembled the actual CIA chief of undercover operations, including culture, Cord Meyer Junior).

A good agent, as Patchen once reminded Christopher, had neither "scruples" nor "illusions." Alas, he too has been dumped for McCarry's *The Better Angels*, having long since retired from the Company to write his own memoirs, presumably; and there are no more *roman à clef* representations of the likes of culture *mavin* James Jesus Angleton, E. F. Applewhite, William F. Colby, or Richard Helms, that I could pick out.

The Better Angels has been set some years into the future when, as McCarry interjects, "the old CIA had been laid waste, its reputation twisted, and its spirit destroyed." A new agency has come into being to replace it, called FIS, directed by a painstaking passionless lover of objective truths, Philandros, who has been carefully established for a term of office outside electoral politics. Philandros, we're told, is severe, devout about his mandate: "No one (in FIS) would make the mistake of loving ideas or men, as the CIA had loved liberalism and its leaders," writes former intelligence agent McCarry, with a kind of ruefulness that gives such a flagrant statement, in this novel, the seeming sound of truth.

Nevertheless, the future as projected here is anything but secure for democrats: the Western position continues to deteriorate, and the US lives under straightened circumstances (with hardly any fuel, for example, for privat transportation); political assassination everywhere are commonplace. The tw political elites who contend for powe in the future US seem to resemble th venal gangs who govern us now.

In this *fin-de-siècle* view of what is, political election is about to take plac the present incumbent, Frost Lockwood, a man of populist sen timents, and Lincolnesque *faux naivet* stands to lose to the previous incum bent, Franklyn Mallory, a hardliner o questions such as capital punishmer who wishes also to "pre-screen" schoc children as potential "criminal pe sonalities."

Lockwood is capable of a grea ruthlessness to serve human welfar and Mallory has charm, warmth, an savvy, but is tied to one of the grea multinational energy corporations. Bu a Philbyish former British intelligenc officer has also let it be known to a important TV commentator tha Lockwood's government arranged fc the assassination of a saintly (an charismatic) Arab oil potentate becaus he was just about to hand over a sma atomic weapon to some Palestinia "terrorists" to use against the US, c Israel. The resulting bad publicity fc our populist man of good will as deliberate murderer will be hard fc President Lockwood to overcome befor election time.

That all of this will finally get sorte out at a number of Washington dinner cocktail parties, and banking boar rooms so that no harm is done t ourselves and our Israeli friend happens through the gallant chicanerie of two upper-class half-brothers, th Hubbard boys: Julian Hubbard Lockwood's chief aid; his elder brothe Horace—though posing as an inte national banker—is FIS chief of statio for Beirut, Lebanon. They're the sort c unselfish public servants whose onl real appetite seems to be for doing gooc *covertly*; they've been elevated by bloo and cash, privilege and education, to b more unselfish than the rest of us.

All others seem merely craven com pared to these two super-Wasps; they'r like the Dulles boys, or the Bund Brothers, or some other CIA brothe act; just too good to be true. Julian, wh seems entirely without affect, or lus can even make love to wome successfully, but only so that they'll b pleased with him; and Horace, who ha an avuncular manner, and a twinkle i his eye, is a cold-blooded schemer, an assassin. As stewards of the publi

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nterest, they've been handed the public's rust, like a menu by a headwaiter, as if o whet their appetites. Only men such s this, McCarry seems to be saying, vithout scruples, or illusions, are never n danger of over-indulging themselves.

Horace, the banker, also has a girl riend, a high Agency computer technician, who figures out how to rig the lection discreetly with her software to avor Lockwood, despite a Mallory andslide, and when this has been ccomplished—with steady Julian lways acting as Lockwood's surrogate—popular democracy of a sort is nce again saved, by illicit means, in its wn best interests. The day afterward, ne eminent TV journalist opines that the results . . . defy easy analysis."

Thus, as he has done with somewhat nore success in his earlier novels, McCarry in *The Better Angels* is once again nsisting that less than morally acceptble behavior, if attended to by an elitist ntelligence conspiracy, may be our only ssurance of well-being in a cruel and angerous world.

This standard argument for the eceits of our betters is dramatized by McCarry with a considerable absence of indsight, I should think; for in recent ecades such deceits, poorly monitored, ave also led to such national disasters s our murderous involvements in 'ietnam and Chile, to the shah's Iran nd the Congo; and to the officially nstalled terrorist regimes of Brazil, Jruguay, El Salvador, etc. Domestically, helped to establish the CIA as an gency of domestic supervision, inerference, and manipulation, of the ress and culture, of government, social cience, and even some scientific esearch. Reading this novel, I was eminded of a former chief of station in eirut who told me, in a private interiew, that he would try to reform his old gency by creating a new agency, once ll the heat had died down, that could do ery much the same sort of things that ad gone on before.

But what other choices do writers of McCarry's background have? Publicity or his early books was never quite ndid about his own intelligence career; is biography of consumer advocate alph Nader, for example, listed him as a urnalist; still later, publishers referred o him as a journalist and former ntelligence officer, without ever makng specific reference to his particular ranch of service.

Writers of McCarry's inclinations retend to address themselves seriously o human dilemmas and public issues in order to justify and moralize their own careers. The Agency's critics are to be disarmed by the seeming pathos of its personnel, and present administrative situation. They truly like to have it both ways: to be walking with the devil in the shadows secretly, and to be walking in the sun. But they are chiefly addicted to self-flattery. Like Richard Helms, or the late Allen Dulles, McCarry always depicts the intelligence scam as "art" or "craft," which are hyperboles at best. Christopher is most like an artist when he is being an agent, we're told, and that's why he can't allow himself to love: he's just too involved with his secret work; he's a temperamental artist, don't you know?

When former spooks liken their efforts to what artists do with human experience in order to feel better about killing and lying, the comparison is truly odious. It's James Jesus Angleton giving his "barbaric yawp" to the press about the "greatness" of *Moby Dick* or T.S. Eliot's poetry, a sort of contentless petty bourgeois name-dropping. Just another Agency dirty trick. . . .

In the four novels McCarry has so far produced he has depicted, with ironic approbation, his former employers as infiltrating and controlling the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (*The Miernik Dossier*); setting up a worldwide network of literary hacks to hype dissident literature (*The Secret Lovers*); and as being indirectly implicated in the Kennedy assassination and those of Diem and Lumumba (*The Tears of Autumn*). He's the Agency's own poet laureate, it would seem. Whenever I meet an ex-spook, he tells me I must read McCarry.

This author's dubious literary prestige in the covert world derives from a demonstrable small talent for dialogue and description and a propensity for flattering thugs. Agents are depicted by McCarry as men of graceful dubiety, and deep unflinching cultivation. Their activities are value-free, somehow licit. In all the novels ordinary innocence is self-destructive, the worst of crimes. The true man of feeling is almost invariably depicted as a hypocrite, a chiliast, a fanatic, or a creep.

There's a portrait of a Palestinian insurgent in *The Better Angels* that skirts dangerously close to good old-fashioned racism: as an "implacable" enemy, "the Arab" scrutinizes an American jour-

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nalist with "crafty pleasure." He seems not to experience pain or discomfort, and shows no remorse for the murder of thousands of innocents. The problem is, I suppose, he's not a Christian.

In *The Secret Lovers*, Christopher ruminates on the culture of a recently decolonized African nation as follows:

> *. . . one man mounted on a writhing woman while a second waited to cut her throat, and yet another man . . . the severed heads of children swinging from either hand . . . a grave containing a hundred bodies. All the young girls and many of the women had been disembowelled. There had been no reason for the massacre, no spark that could be said to have set off the carnival of rape and murder; it had just happened. . . . Ibodou was the alternative to slaughter. . . .*

Ibodou is an African intellectual educated in Europe whom Christopher has recruited to serve as an "agent in place" in that nation's post-colonial government. In "running" agents such as Ibodou to carry out the policies of the US government, Christopher must believe he is averting barbarism so as not to feel scruples or remorse: "Christopher, executing policy deep in its body, had lost his trust in ideas."

The trouble with this sort of poppycock is it's a cover-up for something deeply tendentious and ideological. In all the McCarry novels of Christoper and Patchen and the Hubbard boys, etc., there's an implicit assumption that only white Christian Americans can be so "unscrupled" because they are, after all, more scrupulous than anybody else in the world. The colored races behave like angry children; Communists suffer from their own religiosity (see *The Miernik Dossier*). But when our elite is paranoid and does evil things, it is usually the case that they are also fastidious, and do not over-indulge themselves. As Christopher reports back to his superiors in *The Miernik Dossier* (a novel composed skillfully of inter-agency and inter-office memos): "I'm convinced that there is no more intelligent, or unemotional group of men on earth than ourselves."

McCarry's novels are seductive; they recruit, while seeming to divulge. But nothing really is disclosed by them except a defense of secrets, and elites. Bigoted and cruel, they declare themselves as sophisticated and knowing. There are numerous descriptions of African and Asiatic barbarism; we, as it were, kill selectively. It's as if their author were still in his former Agency's employment, but had been allowed—as was once the Agency's general cultural policy for authors—"the maximum emotional and psychological room for maneuvering" by his "control."

McCarry is always hinting, and never revealing, though the things that are truly unspeakable always happen elsewhere. It's the *Heart of Darkness* without Brussels, that "whited sepulchre" of imperialism, from which to depart: or the late T.S. Eliot rummaging among his own neuroses to depict a world without grace of unscrupulous Jews, and other such men dacious creatures. Eliot's poetry was s highly regarded by the old CIA cultura apparatus that they even had hir translated into Russian.

At the heart of this literature c imperial assumptions is a familiar shab by defense of privilege. When I rea these novels (as I have more than once with fascination) I am aware of hov literally our paranoid elites ca dramatize themselves. McCarry' novels instruct us in who to hate an fear and why. Because we are s genuinely fearful, they console in a way by showing others taking on the world' contamination while we are allowed th privilege of remaining naive.

Richard Elman

Richard Elman has written novels, poetry and books of non-fiction. His latest boo of poems is *Homage to Fats Navarro* (New Rivers Press).

Coming:

J.R. Pole on the Language of American Presidents.

•

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WORSHIP

"Sound, sound your instruments
Of joy," these yokels sing.
Frail doctors, learn of them!
"To triumph shake each string."

King David's holy rollers
Toll bells, and shout their songs . . .
Dear God, it is not thee
We doubt, but our own tongues:

We whinge in minor keys;
Our forked tongues flick and twitch;
They speak both true and false;
And when do they do which?

Ah, but duplicity
So deep, who can attach
Delicious guilt to? No
True match means no mismatch:

Since, colleagues, we have proved
Beyond all argument
That what we say sits loose
To what we thought we meant,

That "we" stands in for us,
That is, for you and me,
As formally as "angels"
For heavenly company,

Dear doctors, since misprision
Cannot be helped, it follows
You too can bellow "Angels!"
With other honest fellows.

Donald Davie

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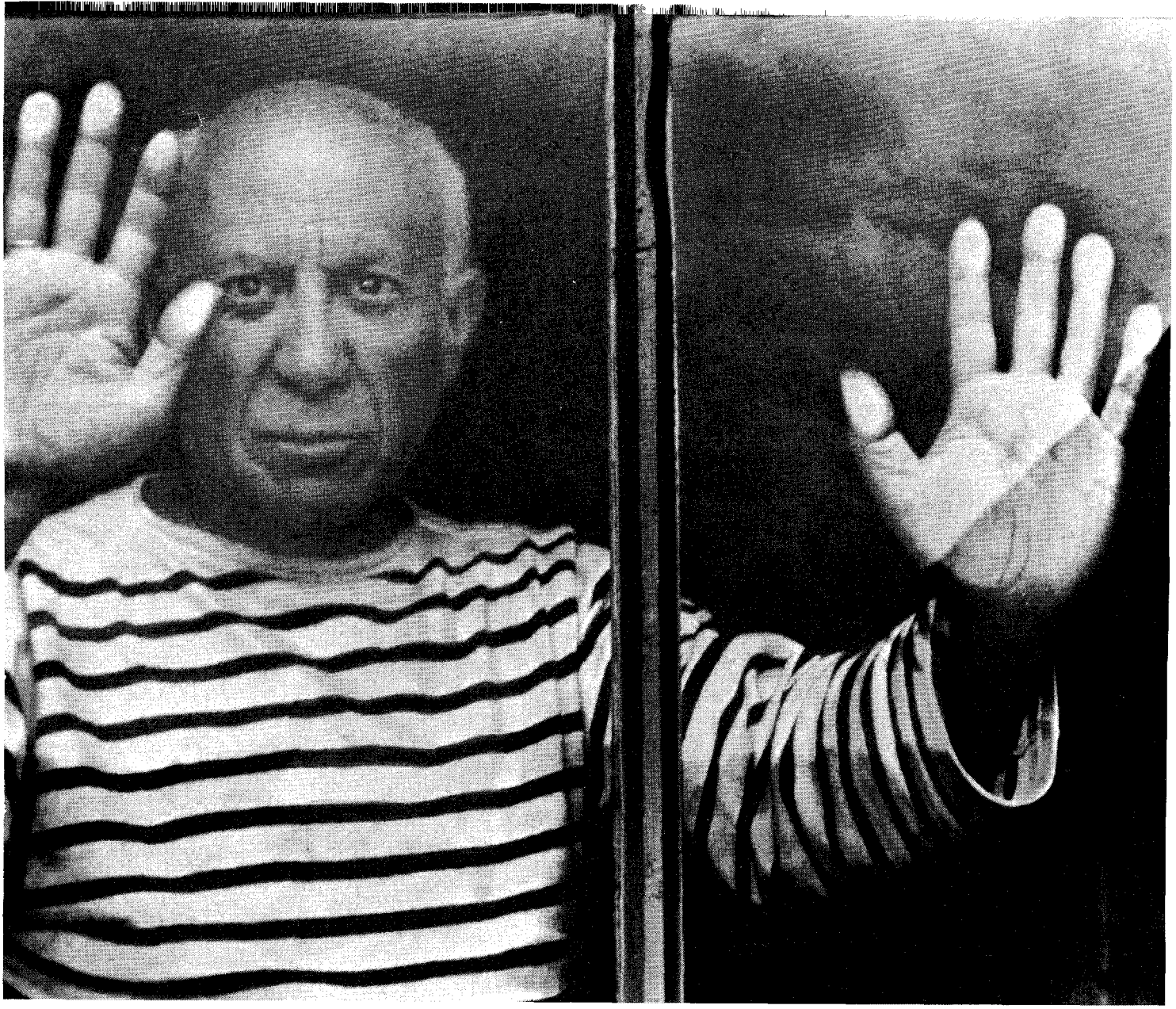

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Brief Reviews

Eleanor
A Novel
by Rhoda Lerman

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $10)

Rhoda Lerman has boldly brought Eleanor Roosevelt back to life. Her book is a novel, not a biography, a first-person narrative that captures its subject with discretion, compassion, and honesty. Lerman covers only three critical years of Eleanor Roosevelt's life: 1918-21, from the war up to the time Franklin was stricken with polio. Her purpose is specifically not to examine these years objectively, but to imagine Eleanor's internal life during a period of crisis. What tangle of fears and needs drove this extraordinarily humane and vigorous woman, a woman jealously claimed by generations of Americans as a source of inspiration, national pride, and consuming gossip? After three years of research and interviews with family and friends, Lerman offers her astute interpretation in the neatly crafted pages of *Eleanor*.

The woman we first come to know in *Eleanor* is insecure, moody, and painfully aware of Franklin's affair with Lucy Mercer, Eleanor's social secretary. A shrewd observer of her marriage, she exposes Franklin as a man preoccupied with the allure of war and power, a man who belches at the dinner table and plays with model ships on the living room floor. She notes his growing self-aggrandizement with cool irony: "He is his own cause. . . . Franklin, you see, has no emotional priorities. Franklin is first." And Eleanor struggles with her own conflicting claims, with her frigidity and her desperate need for love and approval. While the war goes on and Franklin serves as assistant secretary of the Navy, she ladles soup to the soldiers in the canteen at Union Station, manages her household, and reluctantly attends ladies' teas. And she broods, always restless under the domestic and social constraints of her life, always aware of Franklin's deception and others' ill-disguised sympathy for her predicament.

But as her friend Henry Adams prophesies, Eleanor is not a character to be pitied. He quotes to her from Herbert Hoover's translation of a medieval text on mining: "After great forest fires, the silver runs from the blackened forest in three streams. Shining streams. From the lead. You see, Eleanor, you must endure the holocaust. Lead is very important. You are a lead person. Via longissima . . . the longest way." Eleanor misinterprets Adams's allegory and is dismayed: she can only see that it is futile for her to aspire to Franklin's golden heights. But Lerman uses the metaphor as a recurring theme as she traces Eleanor's development over these years, and finally Eleanor herself comes to recognize her potency as catalyst. Through bitter experience and unflinching self-examination, she moves steadily from her position as social matron and aristocrat to political activist, from a perception of herself as a pale reflection of her husband's brilliance to self-sufficiency and, somewhat to her own surprise, outspoken support of women's rights.

And at last, tragically, it is Franklin who is to be pitied, not Eleanor. As she sits up night after night, tirelessly nursing him back to health through the most undignified and excruciating phase of his illness, she reflects, "He will be grateful now; he will need me. The lead has passed from me to him. Yes, Mr. Adams. I understand now." Franklin's dependence, sadly, is the condition of Eleanor's autonomy. Eleanor's most productive years, shaped through her husband's presidency, lie before her.

D.W.

Desperadoes
by Ron Hansen

(Alfred A. Knopf; $8.95)

"It really *is* a Western!" John Irving gasps on the dust jacket of *Desperadoes*. He's right to be exclamatory, because the Western, in André Bazin's words, "is the only genre whose origins are almost identical with those of cinema itself." It is not, in other words, a literary genre. Of course there are plenty of Western stories, but, to quote Bazin, "there is no common measure between the limited and national audience for these stories and the worldwide audiences for the films they inspire." The point is easy to illustrate: few people can have read an obscure *Saturday Evening Post* story called "Stage to Lordsburg," but millions have seen it, freed from "the bonds of language," as the film *Stagecoach*.

Now what's remarkable about *Desperadoes*—the cause of Mr. Irving's surprise—is that Ron Hansen uses the alien conventions of the Western film in a markedly "literary" way. And far from being a "bond," his language proves a tonic for a genre that dodders on only in the parasitic form of self-parody in the movies.

Desperadoes is about the Dalton Gang they afflicted the railroads and banks of Oklahoma and Kansas in the 1890s. It is narrated—in a tall tale tone which can turn grim at dramatic need—by Emmet Dalton, the sole survivor of the Dalton's 1892 raid on Coffeyville, Kansas. An elderly Los Angeles realtor and Rotarian, Emmet is also the author of a book, *When the Daltons Rode*, which is about to be made—this is 1937—into a movie. As the novel begins the stars of this movie—"Andy Devine, Fran Albertson, Broderick Crawford and Brian Donlevy; Hollywood's latest version of Grat, Bill, Bob, and me"—have come to Emmet's Hollywood house to celebrate with the last of the Daltons. Surrounded by these effigies of his dead brothers, Emmet has an attack of nostalgia:

> *The past was closer to me than the sweating glass in my hand and it seemed not long ago that I was a boy slumped against a sod house in the Indian Territory, watching Bitter Creek Newcomb wade through high yellow grass out to the buffalo wallow where he'd stare at a pane of water there with the white moon wafered in it.*

And with that glittering image we are off on Emmet's saga of how he and his brothers switched from being lawmen to train robbers, of how the Dalton seemed for a time like Robin Hoods stealing from the railroads and giving to the poor, but then of how it all went smash—how innocent people were shot in their raids, how the railroads sent swarms of detectives after them, how one of the brothers turned informer and so of how when the gang rode into Coffeyville, there were armed men on the roofs waiting to shoot them down.

If the framing device of the old man looking back on the Old West reminds us of *Little Big Man* (film and novel), the rollicking tone of *Desperadoes* owes much to *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (which seems also to be the source of Miss Eugenia Moore, "a schoolmarm turned rustler," who falls in love with Bob Dalton, the gang's leader and idol of his younger brother's heart).

These film models, however, merely furnish the gross architecture of a novel that lives in its small touches—it

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etails, images, and similes. Especially ıe similes; Hansen has a modest genius ɔr them. He describes one man as harmless as overalls"; another man talks like an editorial." Dirt streets are as soft as talcum." A bullet extracted om Emmet Dalton's shoulder drops in pan "like a marble." You can hear that nage, and see these: "Sheep would tare as he slumped by at night; ıttlesnakes would stab at his stirrups nd flop down to squirm under ıgebrush; small tarantulas crawled ver his face to drink water from his yes as he slept." The tarantulas are a ravura touch; they belong to the adition of frontier hyperbole. But how onderfully exact are the verbs in the ther clauses! We can see that rider ılump" by, the snakes "stab" and then lop." And at the end, in Coffeyville, a fleman "jinks" along the peak of a roof ıd takes aim at a Dalton who "couches" gainst the wall of a nearby building; ıese deft verbs make the *Wild Bunch* imax of *Desperadoes* a literary shoot-out. his is a first novel, the debut of a young riter with a gift for felicitous language.

J. B.

)peration Sunrise: he Secret Surrender y Bradley F. Smith nd Elena Agarossi

Basic Books; $11.95)

oor Allen Dulles. Whatever reputation e had left is unlikely to survive this ɔlendid account—based largely on ɔcuments declassified through the fforts of the authors, including the first eclassified OSS field reports—of)peration Sunrise, his "successful" fort to obtain the surrender of the erman Forces in Italy.

Dulles was approached a couple of ıonths before V-E Day by bergruppenführer Karl Wolff, SS ıief in Italy, who said he could arrange ıe surrender of the still formidable ermans. Dulles quite properly agreed) see him but then the negotiations ragged on fruitlessly for weeks. lthough the German leaders, in Italy as Germany itself, recognized that the ıme was up, Wolff could not find a ngle person in authority willing to take ıy effective steps toward surrender—hether out of loyalty to Hitler, fear of being considered a traitor, fear for their lives, or fear that surrender would contribute to another "stab in the back" myth such as plagued the German army after World War I.

Despite the absolute lack of progress, Dulles, almost alone, continued to have faith in Wolff. One can only speculate why Dulles was unable to face the facts. His later conviction, when serving as director of the CIA, that the Cuban people would rise up against Castro with the Bay of Pigs invasion, suggests a rather unhappy tendency in an intelligence officer, an inability to distinguish between reality and wishful thinking. The authors' view is that, since the OSS in general and Dulles in particular had made no great contribution to the war, he was desperate for a last-minute intelligence coup.

Whatever the reason, Dulles even went to the extreme, in the last days of the war, of rescuing Wolff when he was surrounded by Italian partisans. Perhaps he had been moved by Wolff's three-page letter of condolence on the death of FDR. Wolff knew a sucker when he saw one.

All this—despite the fact that the surrender came no sooner than it would have anyway—would have been harmless enough, material for some good story-swapping at the Century Club after the war, except that the talks were justifiably fanning the fear of the always-suspicious Stalin that the US and Britain were attempting to make a separate peace on the Western front. Stalin wondered why the Germans "surrender without any resistance" in the West while fighting savagely in the East for "some unknown junction . . . which they need as much as a dead man needs poultices." His suspicions were hardly soothed by the West's refusal to let Russia participate in what Washington blandly called preliminary talks while its own cables referred to them as negotiations.

Professors Smith (of Cabrillo College in California) and Agarossi (of the University of Pisa) are not revisionists, but the facts they have uncovered, especially about the anti-Russian attitudes of Western leaders, go a good way toward supporting the revisionist view of the origins of the Cold War.

Something else. Although the authors leave this conclusion to the reader, Dulles's skill in portraying this often farcical muddle as a triumph—and the intelligence community's obtuseness in accepting it as such—led to his becoming head of the CIA. And we all know what that led to. A marvelous book, and as much fun to read as a LeCarré thriller.

Richard J. Walton

Richard J. Walton is author of *Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War* (Viking).

The Rosenberg Letters, *from page 29*

berg activists), that Rosenberg and his friends were involved in some secret but not necessarily illegal political activity. We would be intrigued to know what these "underground" activities were that presumably linked Rosenberg in New York, Sarant in Ithaca, Perl in Cleveland, and Barr in Paris, that caused Barr to vanish without a trace after the arrest of Harry Gold, and Sarant to disappear two months later. We believe the evidence presented in our article supports a finding of espionage, but if the Rosenberg Committee now wants to come up with a theory of "underground political activity" we certainly would be happy to consider the particulars.

Though we believe that Julius Rosenberg was involved in espionage, there can be no solace in that finding for Judge Kaufman, Roy Cohn, or other members of the prosecution team. The evidence is overwhelming that neither of the Rosenbergs had their constitutional rights protected in the courtroom. That is sufficient cause to support the demand of all the Rosenberg activists to have the case reexamined by some high level official commission, with subpoena powers.

We are confident that the full picture emerging from any such impartial investigation will be the paradoxical one that so many people now find hard to digest: that a great miscarriage of justice occurred, but that there was also espionage.

Sol Stern
Ronald Radosh
New York, New York

Additional single copies of the June 23 issue of *The New Republic*, containing "The Hidden Rosenberg Case," by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh, are available at $1.50 per copy, and orders of more than 10 copies at $1 per copy. Please send remittance and address to *TNR*, 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

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Washington Diarist

Carter's the One

William Safire, that delightful diatribist, is the only journalist who could possibly say that Jimmy Carter is becoming like Richard Nixon and mean it as a compliment. Carter, Safire wrote in the *New York Times* after the Great Thursday Throat-cutting, "has belatedly discovered that a palace without a palace guard is, as the French say, like a springtime without sunshine." Safire is right, as he often is, but he is also wrong, which is often the case, too. Carter is showing himself like Nixon, all right, but there's not much favorable that can be said about it. Actually he's showing, as the Russians might say, that a palace *with* a palace guard is a loyalty purge awaiting its Beria.

It first occurred to me during the 1976 campaign that there were similarities between Carter and Nixon. Carter had this habit of saying, like Nixon, "Now, I don't mean to be critical, but. . . ." He would say he wasn't going to make an issue of President Ford's pardon of Nixon, but they *were* close friends, after all, and Ford *did* owe a lot to Nixon. Carter also would say he'd never lie, but his footwork around issues like taxes and jobs was always very tricky. Reporters used to joke among themselves, after Carter told *Playboy* he'd never been disloyal to Rosalynn, that if it ever developed Carter had cheated, he'd issue a statement saying, "I never said I wasn't unfaithful, I only said I'd never been disloyal." (By now it must be obvious to everyone that Jimmy has never been either unfaithful or disloyal to Rosalynn. He wouldn't dare.)

Safire has it right about Carter's open, anti-imperial presidency being utterly unlike Nixon's uptight fortress. There is both good and bad in this. Nixon managed to maintain the mystique of American might and presidential authority while letting real economic, military, and political power dribble away. His White House tapes show he was like the Wizard of Oz. His imperial authority was all amplification. In Carter's case, we can see the botches and blunders all too clearly. Of the two, I prefer it Carter's way, though it would be comforting to think someday we could have a strong *and* open presidency.

But Carter seems to think that strengthening his administration implies going Nixon's way. Just like Nixon, he's started governing from Camp David. He's demanded mass resignations, just as Nixon did in 1972, and he's making loyalty the supreme standard of tenure in office. There's nothing wrong with having a chief of staff in the White House per se. The problem is that Carter's Jordan, like Nixon's Haldeman, has no interest or experience with policy, only politics. Carter in 1979, like Nixon in 1971, is retooling his administration not to govern America better, but to run a reelection campaign. It worked in Nixon's case, but I doubt it will in Carter's.

Carter's loyalty problem is different from Nixon's, though Carter apparently plans to solve it in a Nixonian way—that is, by intimidation. Carter, unlike Nixon, arrived in Washington without a large personal following in the government, the country, or even his party. He arrived from nowhere, didn't know people in Washington or how the town works. His job should have been to build loyalty, to draw people in, to woo members of Congress and officials of his own administration, get them to help him, and feel part of his team. But a certain shyness, a difficulty mixing with pols (not unlike Nixon's), prevented him from doing it. And so Congress and even Cabinet officers put other loyalties first. Carter's method of correcting things, like Nixon's method of motivating subordinates, has been to punish and threaten. That's a good way to attract yes-men (yes-women, too), but it is not a good way to govern.

As Richard Neustadt observes in his classic book, *Presidential Power*, the chief business of the president is to persuade. He cannot command Congress, the bureaucracy, or the public. He has to convince them that what the White House wants is what they ought to want, too. Nixon might've done that. Kevin Phillips (*The Emerging Republican Majority*) thought he could. The 1972 election returns suggest he actually did. But Nixon lived in a permanent state of mental emergency, believing himself surrounded by enemies. He distrusted his ability to persuade people, and encouraged subordinates to force compliance, spy on potential opponents, and try to buy loyalty.

Carter came to office, thanks to Nixon, with Congress, the press, and public in a very unpersuadable mood. But his failure to persuade them to follow him is still his failure. Good leaders somehow contrive to overcome the resistance of their followers. Carter did this during the 1976 campaign, but when it came to governing, he seemed to shrink into a shell. His people won't commit crimina acts against opponents, as Nixon's did Their tendency has been to sulk, lool inward, and curse the world outside th White House gates, especially the rest o Washington.

After it was all over—the week at Cam David, the Sunday speech, and th firings—the president had hamburger with the press. Carter has very Nixon like attitudes toward the press, but h put on a fine show. The next day papers reported him "serene," "confi dent," healthy, calm, optimistic. I reminded me of Nixon, the crisis lover who felt that ordinary times wer boring and lived for the surge o adventure and danger. This is fror Nixon's *Six Crises*: "A man who has neve lost himself in a cause bigger tha himself has missed one of life's moun taintop experiences. Only in losin himself does he find himself. Only the does he discover all the latent strength he never knew he had. . . ." I am psycho historicizing, I know, but what politica crisis was to Nixon, the process o rebirth seems to be to Carter—religiou rebirth, political rebirth. Only in losin himself does he find himself, too. But hi job is not to find *himself*. It is to lead us.

Would anybody else do a better job? have it on good authority that Richar Nixon's private dream ticket for 1980 i John Connally for president and Alex ander Haig for veep. That recommenda tion should automatically eliminat those two from consideration. Goin through the whole list of candidate can't be done here, and the primaries wi eliminate most of them anyway. But las week was a good one to ponder Tedd Kennedy. There is no question that h has what Carter and Nixon both lack genuine personal mystique, the capacit to generate loyalty, the ability to talk t pols and people and make them follow But Carter's crisis week was als Chappaquiddick anniversary week. Ted dy granted interviews about the incider (only after reviewing the questions i advance), but he didn't say anythin new, didn't admit what really happened just said it wouldn't disqualify him fror the presidency. This country is so i need of leadership that Chappaquiddic may not disqualify him from gettin nominated and elected. But, God hel us, here is a potential leader who i beginning his race by stonewalling.

M.M.K

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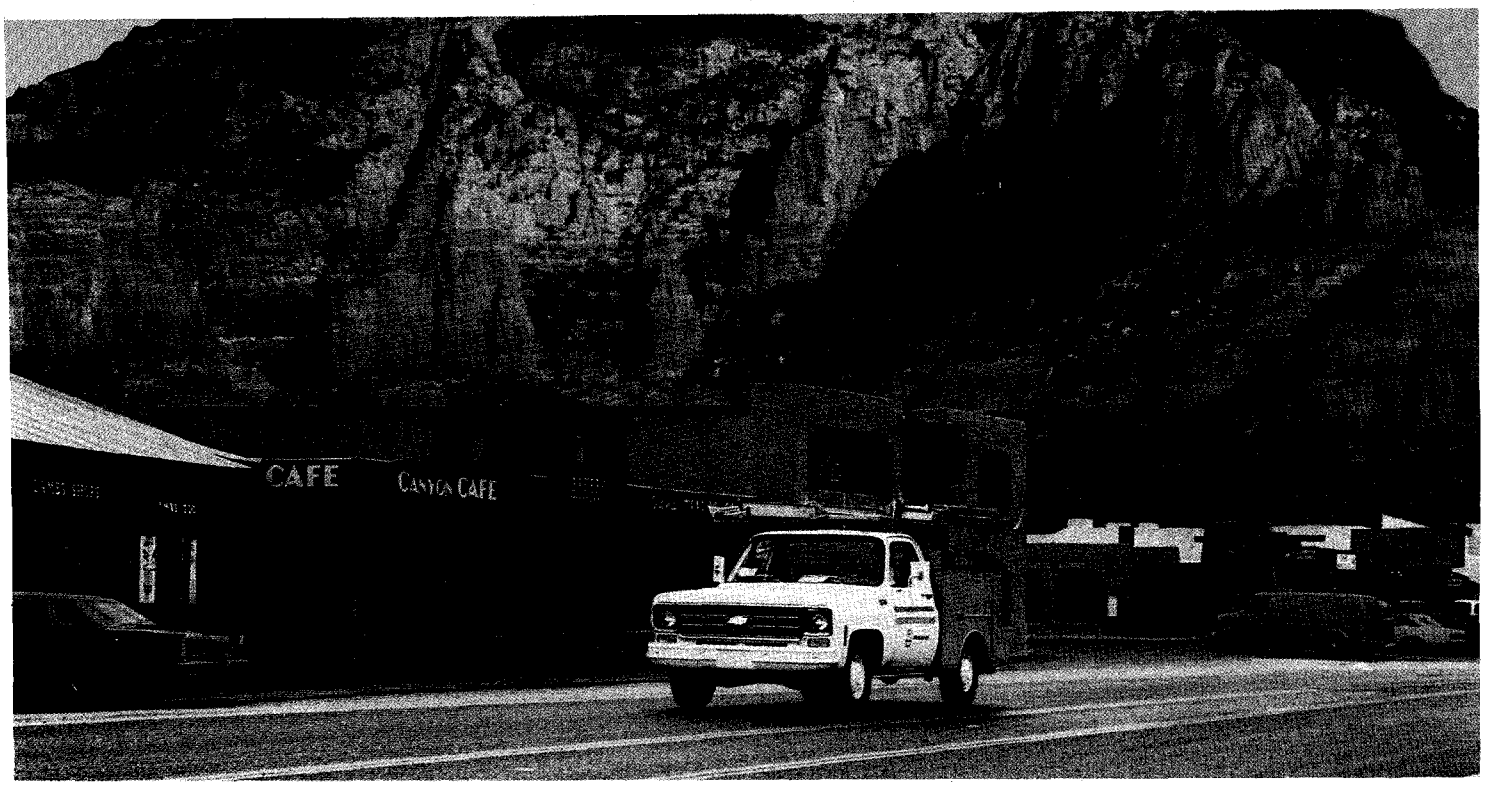

One example of Bell System technology working for you is electronic switching.

Bell designed an electronic switching system especially for small towns. So the people in Sedona get the same sophisticated phone service as people in big cities like New York.

.oy Ronan is the Bell System ıan in charge of Sedona's .ectronic switching system.

Electronic switching handles your calls more efficiently than other systems. And it makes your telephone a more versatile, useful instrument. For example, if you're already talking, the phone beeps at you to let you know there's another call waiting.

Or you can set your home phone so that your incoming calls "follow" you around town.

If you want to talk to two people at once, three-way calling lets you do just that. And, to reach the people you call frequently, you can program your phone so that you just push two numbers to make the call.

Electronic switching. Bell Labs designed it. Western Electric custom-builds it.

For big cities and small towns alike.

With electronic switching, your calls can follow you wherever you go.

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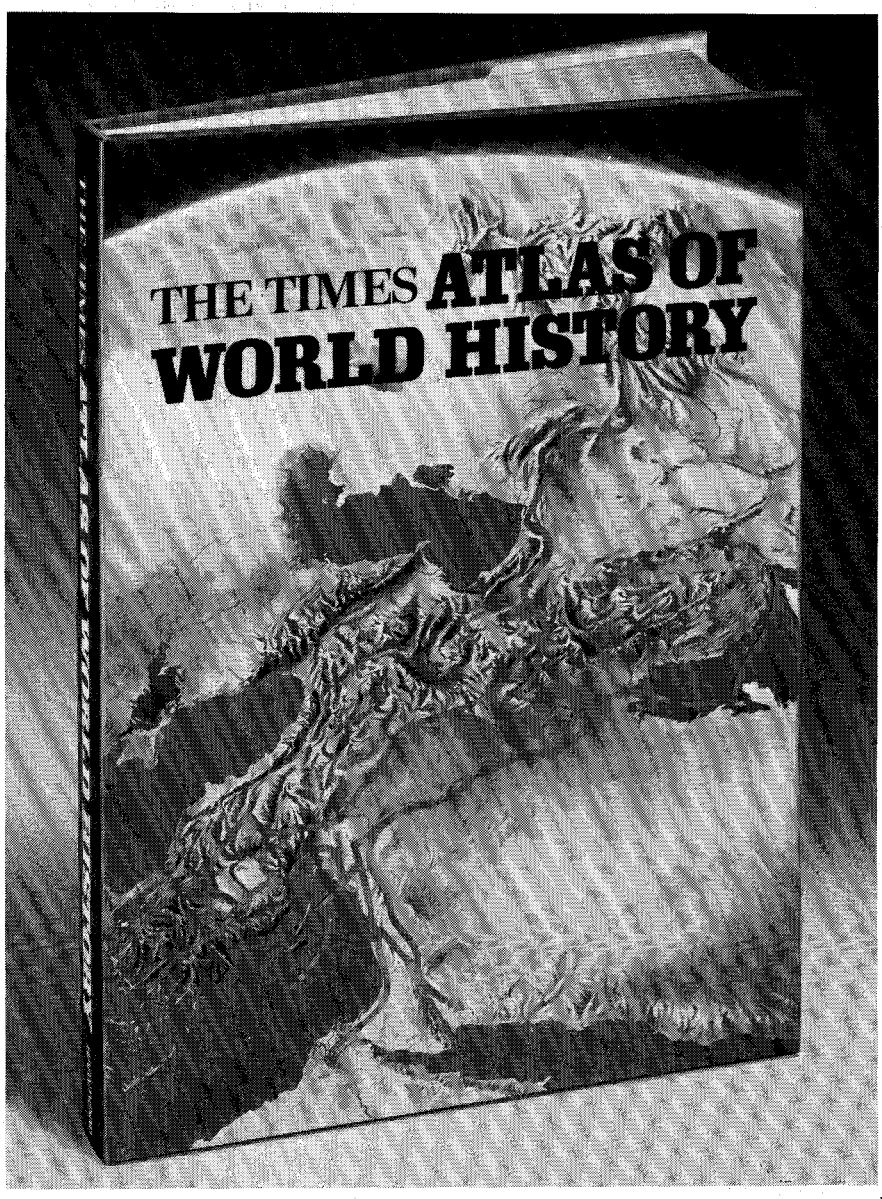

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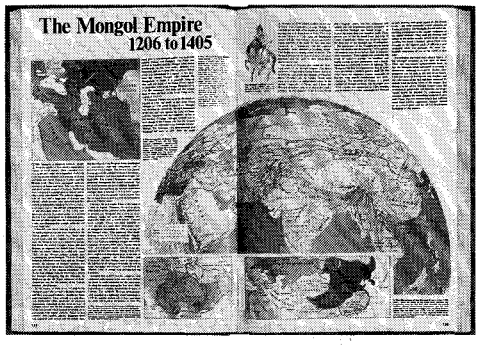

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